Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1835. Whole No. 746.

No. IV.—Thebes.

Portico of the Great Temple at Karnak.

No, or No-Amon, or Amon of No (Jer. xlvi. 25, marginal reading) was the metropolis of Upper Egypt, by the Greek geographers termed Thebes, a city eminently distinguished for the worship of Jupiter, who by the Egyptians was called Amon or Ammon; hence the city received the appellation of Diospolis, or the city of Jupiter. The grandeur of ancient Thebes must now be traced in the four small towns or hamlets of Luxor, Karnak, Medinet-Abou, and Gournou. Karnak is regarded by the most accurate modern travellers as the principal site of Diospolis; and the Egyptians seem to have called forth all the resources of wealth, and all the efforts of art, in order to render it worthy of their supreme divinity.

The great temple at Karnak, the principal portico of which is delineated in our engraving, has twelve principal entrances; each of which is composed of several propyla and colossal gateways, besides other buildings attached to them, in themselves larger than most other temples.—One of the propyla is entirely of granite, adorned with the most finished hieroglyphics. On each side of many of them there have been colossal statues of basalt and granite, from twenty to thirty feet in height, some of which are in the attitude of sitting, while others are standing erect. A double range of colossal sphinxes extends across the plain from the temple at Luxor (a distance of nearly two miles,) which terminates at Karnak in a most magnificent gateway, fifty feet in height, which still remains unimpaired.—From this gateway the great temple was approached by an avenue of fifty lofty columns, one of which only now remains, leading to a vast propylon in front of the portico. The interior of this portico presents a coup d'œil, which surpasses any other that is to be found among the remains of Egyptian architecture. Twelve columns, sixty feet high, and of a beautiful order, form an avenue through the centre of the building, like the nave of a Gothic cathedral, and they are flanked on each side by sixty smaller ones, ranged in six rows, which are seen through the intervals in endless perspective. The walls are covered with bas-reliefs of a similar character with those found in the other antient Egyptian temples.

In an open space beyond the portico there were four obelisks, two only of which are now standing. One of these is seen in our engraving: according to Capt. C. F. Head, it has a base of eight feet square, and rises to a height of eighty feet, and is formed of a single block of granite. The hieroglyphics, which are beautifully wrought, are supposed to record the succession of Pharaohs who reigned over Egypt. From the most antient rulers of the land to the Ptolemies, almost every king, except the Persian, has his name recorded in this temple. But it was said, "the sceptre of Egypt shall depart away." (Zech. x. 11;) and, as if in direct fulfilment of the prophecy, the portion of the rocky tables that was to have been occupied by the names of others of its royal line, has been shattered, and (it has been conjectured) by no human hand.

The most interesting of the sculptured ornaments in this temple, Capt. Head states, are on the north-west, where there are battle-scenes, with innumerable figures of military combatants using bows and arrows, spears and bucklers, of prostrate enemies, of war chariots and horses.—*The fiery action* and elegant shape of the steeds are remarkable. On the exterior walls of the south-west corner of the portico, are depicted other victories, which are conjectured to be those of the Egyptians over the Jews.

The field of ruins at Karnak is about a mile in diameter. Dr. Richardson conjectures that the whole of this space was once, in the grander days of Thebes, consecrated entirely to the use of the temple. There are evidences of walls considerably beyond this, which probably enlarged the city in its greatest extent; but, after the seat of government had been withdrawn, the capital removed to another spot, and the trade transferred to another mart, the inhabitants narrowed the circuit of their walls, and placed their houses within the line of the sacred confines.

Such is the mass of disjointed fragments collected together in these magnificent reliques of antient art, that more than human power would appear to have caused the overthrow of the strong-holds of superstition. Some have imagined that the ruin was caused by the instantaneous concussion of an earthquake. Whether this conjecture be well founded or erroneous, the divine predictions against Egypt have been literally accomplished. "The land of Egypt" has been made "desolate and waste;" "judgments" have been executed "in No," whose "multitude" has been "cut off;" and *No* is RENT ASUNDER. (Ezek. xxix. 9. xxx. 14, 15, 16.)

From Allen's Poems.

THE GONDOLIER.

A Legend of Venice in the days of the Doges—written at the request of a young lady.

The sun had sunk with golden glow,
The dark Ionian waves below,
And on the Grecian hills alone,
The last ray of his radiance shone,
While on India's western scene,
Glittered in gold the groves of green,
And every object lit with light,
Seem'd smiling at the approach of night.
The moon is up, and each tall tower
Is glistening with her brilliancy,
And glowing in the silvery shower,
Lies the lone city of the sea,
Like Venus risen from the waters,
And heedless of old Ocean's daughters.

Upon his sumptuous couch in sleep,
The mighty Doge of Venice lies,
And not an eye awakes to weep,
Save her who in the garden sighs,
And save the Gondolier, whose song
Is heard the shadowy waves along.
Fair Juliet, the proud Doge's daughter,
Is gazing o'er the wavy water,
To catch a glimpse with her dark eye,
Of one for whom her bosom sighs—
Her tall and graceful form, reclines
Within a grove o'ergrown with vines—
Her lovely head of angel mould,
From which her hair like grapes of gold,
Hung clust'ring—rested on a bed,
O'er which the rose's perfume shed.
Around her neck of snow,
The glowing ringlets of her hair,
Waved darkly on the ambient air,
That fan'd her burning brow—
Her pouting red lips, but half revealed
Within a mouth, as fair as given
To angels, in the halls of Heaven.

Hark! o'er the moonlight waters, glide
The notes of some gay Gondolier—
She starts—her lips are parted wide,
And bent her listning ear—
Her swan-like neck inclines—her eye
Lightens with anxious ecstacy,
To catch a glimpse of him, or hear
The glad song of her Gondolier.

"'Tis he, 'tis he!" she softly cries,
And pants again her sprightly eyes—
"'Tis he, 'tis he! for now I mark
His noble form upon that bark—
He comes, the noble and the brave,
His Juliet from despair to save—
To snatch me from the dark decree,
The doge hath given that I shall be
Wedded to wealth and ugly age—
The gray French Count de Vallampagt—
Even now you palace walls, are deck'd
With trophies for the bridal hour,
And should my hopes this night be wreck'd,
I am within his power."

She ceased—and at the garden pier
The Gondola was moored, and he,
The gay and gaddy Gondolier,
Before her bowed his knee,
And took her small white hand, and press'd
It trembling to his beating breast,
And thus in eloquence, address'd
The bright-eyed fair—
"Dost thou still hold thy vow sincere,
As when I first beheld thee here—
Dost thou still live? Ah, canst thou dare
In thy Gondolier's home, to share
The heart, that from thee knows no rear,
The heart that beats to make thee bless?
And canst thou, Juliet, leave to me
Whose fate or dest'ny begin'es?
Canst thou give up you banquet halls,
Where many a courtier smiles?
Canst thou the scenes of youth forsake,
And leave the Gondolier, whose song
Is heard the shadowy waves along.
My fate to share?
Ah, canst thou all thy hopes resign,
And say thou will be nought but mine?
Fame, fortune, all canst thou forego,
And share with me my weal or woe?
Remember, Juliet, what a fate
Must on our evil steps await,
Must on our evil steps await,
Should thy proud sire our flight pursue—
Should thy proud sire our flight pursue—
Death, death upon the rack, were mine,
And thou, perhaps, wert doom'd to view,
Or know the same fate mine—
'Twere death alone to see thee bleed,
And double death it mine the deed."

The noble Juliet's dark eye fired,
And as she gazed, she thus enquired
"And dost thou then to fear resign
The land and heart I freely gave?
I thought it was as true as mine—
I thought it was as brave—
Then naked if I could forsooth,
Give up the banquet halls of youth—
If I still love—if I can dare
Leander's home and heart to share?
Ay, for thy sake, I can yield all,
My palace home, my banquet hall,
My father's smile, my mother's kiss,
And all the charms a world like this,
To me can give—
'Twere sweeter in your humble home
To dwell, than in yon halls to roam—
'Twere sweeter far, to be thy slave,
And even my father's vengeance brave,
Than doom'd to live
The bride of him, the Doge hath said
Ere three suns set that I shall wed—
Ay, sooner than these charms shall fill
The arms of age against my will,
And sooner far, than I should prove
The wife of him I cannot love,
I would with thee, in some lone cell,
In penury a long life dwell,
Or follow thee where'er thy haste
Might lead me—o'er the world's dark waste;
But thou wouldst now, through fear, resign
The heart which still is truly thine,
And I to age, most sacrifice
The charms, alas, you cannot prize—
Oh better far, that I were dead,
Than thus the man I hate to wed."

She ceased and wept, and as she press'd
Her fair hand to her beating breast,
The graceful Gondolier
Rush'd forward, and in transport sweet,
"Behold," he said, "even at thy feet,
By yonder moon I swear,
Nor fear nor vengeance, e'er can be
A barrier to my love for thee—
Not all the power the earth e'er gave,
Can bid me feel myself a slave—
I bow before no throne,
Save that of beauty, and this hour,
I swear allegiance to no power,
Save but thy charms alone—
Oh let me swear by thy bright eyes,
There is no man on earth, may prize
Thy charms as highly as may he
Who bows before thee now the knee—
Then say not that thy Gondolier
Could yield thy love, when thou art true,
For what have I from man to fear,
I who am feared by thousands too,—
The name of coward who approves?
There's nought that man so much abhors,
Sooner he'd brave a thousand wars,
Than be thus called by her he loves."

"Forgive me," cried the blushing maid—
"Forgive the unworthy words thus spoken,
And take this ring, and be it said,
'Tis faithful love's eternal token."
From her fair hand, the Gondolier
Received the pledge of love sincere,
And softly said—"Now let us fly—
The moon is up in heaven high—
The city's still, no busy hum
From the Rialto, now doth come—
Now let us fly where pow'r nor pride
Can snatch thee, Juliet, from my side."

"The moon is bright,
But not so night,"
The trembling girl in transport cried;
"But when to-morrow eve, the moon
Shall just have gain'd in Heaven her noon,
Beneath my lattice moor thy sail,
And fear not that my heart may fail."

Leander heard the sweet command,
And grasp'd the much loved maiden's hand—
Then as he flew,
The wild Aurge,
Was oft and oft repeated o'er,
Till each could hear the sound no more,
And now fair Juliet's footsteps falls
Softly within the palace halls—
Unheed'd to her couch she steals,
And slumber soon her eyelids seals.
The day hath broke o'er land and sea,
And Venice' stowers are glittering bright,
The Doge is up, and full of glee,
For ere the sun, shall sink in night
Three times, his child, his hope and pride,
Shall be de Vallampagne's bride—
The golden gifts are Juliet's now,
And gorgeous gowns of texture rare,
And diamonds for her noble brow,
And precious pearls to grace her hair;
But these cannot her heart engage,
Or win her to the arms of age—
Gold cannot bid her heart approve,
Nor buy the constant vow of love—
All day she sheds the silent tear
For him, her absent Gondolier.

The sun hath set—the moon is high
In Heaven's azial hall—
The stars are out along the sky,
And sleep hath seized on all,
Save him, who comes upon the tide,
To claim his fair and faithful bride—
The sweet song of the Gondolier,
Comes softly o'er the sleeper's ear,
And nearer now, the love-torn note
Doth o'er the wavy waters float,
Bence to her lattice now, he sings
Of love, and hope, and fear,
And from her couch, fair Juliet springs,
To greet her Gondolier.
A mourner, and the gay young bride,
Is standing by her lover's side—
He starts, as from an angel bright,
For she is deck'd for marriage rite—
Upon her brow rich diamonds shine,
And rubies her fair neck enfold—
Gay robes adorn her form divine—
Her hair is hung with gold.

"Take, take these baubles now," she said,
"They tell of age and all I dread—
They tell of that decree, which late
Would bind me to the man I hate."
The Gondolier, with joy, received

The vast amount of wealth she gave,
And turned to bless her, but perceived
In ambush, hid a lusty slave.
"Ha! villain, spy, what brings thee here?"
In vengeance cried the Gondolier,
And swift the sword leaped to his hand—
The slave sprang forward at command,
With wild cries of alarm, that rung
Thro' palace halls, and forth there sprung
A host of guards—the Gondolier
But once essay'd to raise his arm,
And bleeding on the green-sward near,
The giant slave ground with alarm—
The stream of life gushed from the wound,
And gurgled on the greedy ground—
In vain he oft essay'd to rise—
Death settled o'er his awful eyes.
In haste the daring hero press'd
The fainting Juliet to his breast,
And swift the precious burthen bore
Into his boat, then pushed from shore,
And far upon the ocean tide,
The Gondolier went with his bride.
And tho' the Doge was wi'd with rage,
And grier'd the Count de Vallampage.
They never more,
Upon that shore,
Beheld the daring Gondolier.

MILFORD BARD.

WELLS AND EMMET.

When these men died, it may be truly said, that the glory of the New York bar departed. They left behind them, some very able and eloquent advocates, and many excellent lawyers to be sure—*but there* were the leaders—*they had possession* of a professional eminence, to which none of their brethren had approached—they stood alone in their strength and beauty. They were both profound lawyers—both distinguished advocates and accomplished orators—and yet no two persons could differ more in the style and character of their eloquence. I have heard those who have been pronounced the first orators of our country, and who, doubtless, deserved their reputation; but as a chaste, classic, and dignified orator, I never listened to one, whom I could consider the equal of John Wells. His taste was severe and *antique* and a pervading refinement was perceptible in every thing: even in the peculiar neatness of his apparel, and the very appearance of his person, which was sometimes seen gilt edged paper. His fine person contributed to the effect of his eloquence not a little—an erect and well proportioned figure; a well shaped head, covered with dark and slightly curling hair—an eye of uncommon keenness, and a face beaming with intelligence—these, it will readily be admitted, were no trifling accompaniments to one of the finest voices that ever fell to the lot of man. I well remember the first time I ever heard that voice. My father and myself were returning from a book auction. I was quite a child, and he had taken me with him as a matter of favour. It was late in the evening, and as we approached the City Hall, we saw that the lower court room was brilliantly lighted up. My father recollected that the trial of Goodwin for killing Stoughton, the son of the Spanish Consul, was pending, and suggested, that we should step into court, and ascertain whether the jury had returned their verdict.—This was a case of great interest, and had produced much excitement in the community. Stoughton had fallen in a gentlemanly duel with Goodwin—pierced to the heart, with the dagger of a sword cane, which he had taken place in one of the most public parts of the city, early in the evening; the deceased was a young lawyer of promising talents—rising in his profession, and widely esteemed and respected, all the circumstances connected with the tragedy, were well calculated to operate upon popular feeling; and few cases had called together a greater concourse of auditors, than that of The People vs. Robert M. Goodwin. When we came to the Court room, we found, that we could only obtain a station near the door. The Jury had retired some time and stated to the Court, that they had not been able to agree upon a verdict, and it was not at all probable that they ever should agree, and requested to be discharged. A motion was made to admit the prisoner to bail. Several lawyers spoke for and against the motion; but at the distance at which we stood, and amid the scraping of feet, and the rustling of such a multitude of people, most of whom were standing up, and not a few shifting their positions, every now and then, to relieve their weariness —we could only catch at intervals, occasionally, and but indistinctly—at length, a voice rose, that struck upon the ear like the tones of a silver bell—the vast audience were hushed at once—we could see nothing of the speaker whose we stood, so far in the rear—but every word uttered by that voice—so full, so clear, so beautifully distinct, was heard and felt—and to this very day, though so many expressions of eloquence have trailed awhile upon my mind, and then winged their flight forever—the subject matter of that speech, which did not take up a quarter of an hour in the delivery, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory; and yet there was nothing remarkable in its substance or its language.—Mr. Wells was on the part of the People, and did not urge with any great severity, an opposition to the motion to admit to bail; it was the charm of *manner*.

Mr. Wells was a close and logical reasoner, but there was nothing of the dryness of logic about his speeches—there was system and adherence to rule, but no stiffness, and formality in his division and detail of a subject—his language was always correct and forcible, frequently sentimental, and sometimes rising to pathos and fervour; but generally subdued, and cold rather than vehement. In fact here was the defect of Wells, both in language and delivery—he was somewhat too stately—too unbending—he was deficient in variety; he did not identify himself enough with the party he represented, and did not come home to the feelings of a jury. *He kept himself aloof* as it were—addressed them as a superior would address those whom he designed to enlighten—not like one of themselves appealing to feelings, which were shared in common—he spoke soundly, and was listened to with attention; he reasoned clearly, and took a most comprehensive view of the strong points of his case, which he pressed with energy and skill;—still, he was not a man to kindle and to thrill; he did not appear to feel much himself, and such an orator cannot expect to produce feeling in others. The eloquence of Wells was like the beauty of sculpture. If I may use the expression in our republican land—the eloquence of Wells was decidedly *aristocratic* —it was polished almost too much for every day use; it was too chaste and severe in taste for the multitude—and in truth for any, but the educated and refined—when we heard him, we could not but think, how such a style of language, and such a manner of dignity and command, would grace a Venitian Senate, or a British House of Peers—at least. I have often thought so, and could not but think that it was out of place in our simple republican Court room, with its excessive plainness, and truly democratic audience of all grades. Such a species of eloquence as this, would, of course, never make a man a favourite popular speaker; and Mr. Wells never sought the distinction. He never mingled in politics. In the *early part* of his professional life, he had to struggle with adversity, for he was too proud to stoop to the means which others do not scruple to employ, to obtain business and notoriety—he was retained and patronized by General Hamilton—he remained in the party of which Hamilton was the leader; and when Jefferson became a by word and a reproach, Mr. Wells continued to avow himself a federalist, and even gloried in the name.

In turning over the volumes of Johnson's Reports, it is almost amusing to discover in so many, and such a variety of cases,—Wells on one side, and Emmet on the other. Standing as they did at the very head of their profession, it was their fortune to be generally opposed to each other; and never were antagonists better conscious of each other's powers, or more inclined to do justice to each other's strength. Emmet had all the fervour of his native land —he entered into every cause with all his heart and soul; he could never tame down his manner to a cold propriety—but be the case what it might, and where it might—in the criminal courts—at *Nisi prius*—or before a bench of reverend judges—still, there was Emmet—ardent—vehement—full of fire—pressing home his arguments with almost impassioned earnestness. It was inspiring to behold him in a cause which was calculated to cause his energies to be put forth, and such was worthy of his zeal—his venerable form—his bald head—his strongly marked countenance, which age had passed over and sacred—his flashing eye—his deep and finely modulated voice—his unstudied gesticulation—all combined to give wonderful effect to his rapid pointed argument, his nervous declamation, and his powerful appeals to every feeling and every passion that could be brought to bear upon his cause. Emmet's eloquence was not what has usually been classed under the head of *Irish* eloquence. It did not possess those peculiar essential characteristics of exuberance of imagination, and flowery of diction, which are generally attributed to the eloquence of his country. Emmet's style was remarkable for its strength —it was truly *Demosthenic*—he never embellished for the sake of embellishment—he never employed himself in the idle business of decoration—he had a higher and more engrossing object in view—*to gain his cause*—to this all his energies and powers were directed; every thing was poured into the stream of argument; every figure was an illustration; every allusion and quotation had its use; his language was simple and expressive—he did not choose words for their sound, but for the purpose of giving clearness and force to his meaning—and if even a *culprit* word would suit his purpose best, he did not hesitate to make use of it. I have met somewhere with an expression like this, "the Napoleon power of making the several masses of various collected information bear upon the subject under consideration." I never knew a man who had this "Napoleon power," in an equal degree. It was the striking characteristic of Emmet's eloquence. He never lost sight of his object—but every argument and every reference and allusion bore directly upon it—when he seized upon a subject, he took hold of it, like one who could not relinquish his grasp, until his aim was accomplished—his arguments followed each other like the well directed blows of a workman's axe—and with him, it was the cause, the whole cause, and nothing but the cause. I have rarely seen a counsel tried as he tried it—and a speech, however studied, escaped his quick scrutiny—not a distinction, however subtile, but his ingenuity could suggest and carry out—not a position, however clear, but his skill could unwrap in a delicate web of refined sophistry, that none but the sharpest and clearest intellect could detect and unravel—and never was there a more dangerous antagonist—prompt, active, ever on the alert, quick as lightning—he could see through every disguise, and no ingenuity of artifice could conceal from him the weak points of his adversary's case—no pompous declamation or pitiability of explanation could protect his argument from the vehemence of his assault, or the keenness of his sarcasm, when he saw a part of the line through which destruction might be driven, or discovered that his antagonist had cast aside of the testimony, in his anxiety to chase, and to say something worthy of admiration. I have been told, that Stratford Canning, after hearing Mr. Emmet, remarked, that of the living orators of Ireland, there was but one whom he considered as his equal, and that was Lord Plunkett who much resembled him.

It has been mentioned as a defect in Emmet, that he exhibited an equal zeal in every case, and that his manner was as earnest in arguing a mere question of technicality before the bench, as in assuming up a cause of the deepest interest before a jury. This is a little exaggerated, but still there is something in it.—Emmet was too much inclined at times, to waste his energies upon what *lawyers* might deem a quibble—but I was the contemplation of the man—his temperament was naturally ardent, and he could not enter into an argument upon any point, without feeling a desire of success, and taking an interest in the result which might seem strange to cooler temperament.

Emmet did not possess the graces of manner, by any means in an equal degree with Wells. The latter was the younger man, and gifted with the finer person. There was nothing remarkable in Emmet's appearance—except the antique contour of his head, which reminded you of a bust of Seneca—he was very short sighted, and in the constant habit of using an eye glass, which he wore suspended from his neck by a black ribband—his person was rather above the ordinary height, and inclined to corpulency—his use of the eye glass was very peculiar, and sometimes appalling to witnesses, when in would scrutinize through it in the most unrelenting manner—he spoke with a strong Irish accent—his gestures were vehement, and sometimes rather impressive, than elegant or appropriate; but the fervour and earnestness of the orator carried away your feelings, and you either did not pay any particular attention to his accent or his gestures, or thought them just what they should have been. Wells's manner you could study and admire as he spoke. Your feelings were sufficiently in repose to enable you to do so. Emmet was possessed of much greater versatility of power than Wells—Emmet could argue, declaim, or persuade—just as the occasion required—or he could treat a cause with lightness, and raise the laugh of contempt, by strokes of facetious satire, and the play of pointed wit. In his forensic speeches, you had all the variety of eloquence—argument, invective, satire, ridicule—all brought to bear —with wonderful skill—just as it should—upon "the subject under consideration." If he thought it most advisable to stir up a contemptuous feeling towards the case—no man could do it more ingeniously. If the eloquence of Wells was like the beauty of sculpture—the eloquence of Emmet was like the beauty of painting. Different from Wells, Emmet possessed all the essentials of a popular orator of the first order. He might have been a matchless demagogue if he had pleased. It is to his honour that he avoided the temptation. He could have addressed any audience from the most refined down to the least refined—with effect—for he would have adopted his style to each. The difference between him and Wells was, that while the latter kept himself aloof from his auditors—the other threw himself among them, and appeared anxious to convince them, that they were listening to one of themselves, and that he was only embodying their own feelings, and pursuing their own train of thought and reflection—this manner with a jury would have been *irresistible*—had not his angular displays of zeal, sentiment, and asperity in making the worse appear the better cause—put them somewhat upon their guard against the effects of his eloquence—but still, it was eminently successful, and as a *Nisi Prius* advocate gave him a decided superiority over his distinguished rival—who had the advantage, however, of never permitting a desire of success, to induce him to hazard his credit with reason, by urging with undue zeal an unsound position, or a mere technicality. I shall not take up a quarter of an hour in the delivery, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory; and yet there was nothing remarkable in its substance or its language.—Mr. Wells was on the part of the People, and did not urge with any great severity, an opposition to the motion to admit to bail; it was the charm of *manner*.

Mr. Wells was a close and logical reasoner, but there was nothing of the dryness of logic about his speeches—there was system and adherence to rule, but no stiffness, and formality in his division and detail of a subject—his language was always correct and forcible, frequently sentimental, and sometimes rising to pathos and fervour; but generally subdued, and cold rather than vehement. In fact here was the defect of Wells, both in language and delivery—he was somewhat too stately—too unbending—he was deficient in variety; he did not identify himself enough with the party he represented, and did not come home to the feelings of a jury. *He kept himself aloof* as it were—addressed them as a superior would address those whom he designed to enlighten—not like one of themselves appealing to feelings, which were shared in common—he spoke soundly, and was listened to with attention; he reasoned clearly, and took a most comprehensive view of the strong points of his case, which he pressed with energy and skill;—still, he was not a man to kindle and to thrill; he did not appear to feel much himself, and such an orator cannot expect to produce feeling in others. The eloquence of Wells was like the beauty of sculpture. If I may use the expression in our republican land—the eloquence of Wells was decidedly *aristocratic* —it was polished almost too much for every day use; it was too chaste and severe in taste for the multitude—and in truth for any, but the educated and refined—when we heard him, we could not but think, how such a style of language, and such a manner of dignity and command, would grace a Venitian Senate, or a British House of Peers—at least. I have often thought so, and could not but think that it was out of place in our simple republican Court room, with its excessive plainness, and truly democratic audience of all grades. Such a species of eloquence as this, would, of course, never make a man a favourite popular speaker; and Mr. Wells never sought the distinction. He never mingled in politics. In the *early part* of his professional life, he had to struggle with adversity, for he was too proud to stoop to the means which others do not scruple to employ, to obtain business and notoriety—he was retained and patronized by General Hamilton—he remained in the party of which Hamilton was the leader; and when Jefferson became a by word and a reproach, Mr. Wells continued to avow himself a federalist, and even gloried in the name.

In turning over the volumes of Johnson's Reports, it is almost amusing to discover in so many, and such a variety of cases,—Wells on one side, and Emmet on the other. Standing as they did at the very head of their profession, it was their fortune to be generally opposed to each other; and never were antagonists better conscious of each other's powers, or more inclined to do justice to each other's strength. Emmet had all the fervour of his native land —he entered into every cause with all his heart and soul; he could never tame down his manner to a cold propriety—but be the case what it might, and where it might—in the criminal courts—at *Nisi prius*—or before a bench of reverend judges—still, there was Emmet—ardent—vehement—full of fire—pressing home his arguments with almost impassioned earnestness. It was inspiring to behold him in a cause which was calculated to cause his energies to be put forth, and such was worthy of his zeal—his venerable form—his bald head—his strongly marked countenance, which age had passed over and sacred—his flashing eye—his deep and finely modulated voice—his unstudied gesticulation—all combined to give wonderful effect to his rapid pointed argument, his nervous declamation, and his powerful appeals to every feeling and every passion that could be brought to bear upon his cause. Emmet's eloquence was not what has usually been classed under the head of *Irish* eloquence. It did not possess those peculiar essential characteristics of exuberance of imagination, and flowery of diction, which are generally attributed to the eloquence of his country. Emmet's style was remarkable for its strength —it was truly *Demosthenic*—he never embellished for the sake of embellishment—he never employed himself in the idle business of decoration—he had a higher and more engrossing object in view—*to gain his cause*—to this all his energies and powers were directed; every thing was poured into the stream of argument; every figure was an illustration; every allusion and quotation had its use; his language was simple and expressive—he did not choose words for their sound, but for the purpose of giving clearness and force to his meaning—and if even a *culprit* word would suit his purpose best, he did not hesitate to make use of it. I have met somewhere with an expression like this, "the Napoleon power of making the several masses of various collected information bear upon the subject under consideration." I never knew a man who had this "Napoleon power," in an equal degree. It was the striking characteristic of Emmet's eloquence. He never lost sight of his object—but every argument and every reference and allusion bore directly upon it—when he seized upon a subject, he took hold of it, like one who could not relinquish his grasp, until his aim was accomplished—his arguments followed each other like the well directed blows of a workman's axe—and with him, it was the cause, the whole cause, and nothing but the cause. I have rarely seen a counsel tried as he tried it—and a speech, however studied, escaped his quick scrutiny—not a distinction, however subtile, but his ingenuity could suggest and carry out—not a position, however clear, but his skill could unwrap in a delicate web of refined sophistry, that none but the sharpest and clearest intellect could detect and unravel—and never was there a more dangerous antagonist—prompt, active, ever on the alert, quick as lightning—he could see through every disguise, and no ingenuity of artifice could conceal from him the weak points of his adversary's case—no pompous declamation or pitiability of explanation could protect his argument from the vehemence of his assault, or the keenness of his sarcasm, when he saw a part of the line through which destruction might be driven, or discovered that his antagonist had cast aside of the testimony, in his anxiety to chase, and to say something worthy of admiration. I have been told, that Stratford Canning, after hearing Mr. Emmet, remarked, that of the living orators of Ireland, there was but one whom he considered as his equal, and that was Lord Plunkett who much resembled him.

It has been mentioned as a defect in Emmet, that he exhibited an equal zeal in every case, and that his manner was as earnest in arguing a mere question of technicality before the bench, as in assuming up a cause of the deepest interest before a jury. This is a little exaggerated, but still there is something in it.—Emmet was too much inclined at times, to waste his energies upon what *lawyers* might deem a quibble—but I was the contemplation of the man—his temperament was naturally ardent, and he could not enter into an argument upon any point, without feeling a desire of success, and taking an interest in the result which might seem strange to cooler temperament.

Emmet did not possess the graces of manner, by any means in an equal degree with Wells. The latter was the younger man, and gifted with the finer person. There was nothing remarkable in Emmet's appearance—except the antique contour of his head, which reminded you of a bust of Seneca—he was very short sighted, and in the constant habit of using an eye glass, which he wore suspended from his neck by a black ribband—his person was rather above the ordinary height, and inclined to corpulency—his use of the eye glass was very peculiar, and sometimes appalling to witnesses, when in would scrutinize through it in the most unrelenting manner—he spoke with a strong Irish accent—his gestures were vehement, and sometimes rather impressive, than elegant or appropriate; but the fervour and earnestness of the orator carried away your feelings, and you either did not pay any particular attention to his accent or his gestures, or thought them just what they should have been. Wells's manner you could study and admire as he spoke. Your feelings were sufficiently in repose to enable you to do so. Emmet was possessed of much greater versatility of power than Wells—Emmet could argue, declaim, or persuade—just as the occasion required—or he could treat a cause with lightness, and raise the laugh of contempt, by strokes of facetious satire, and the play of pointed wit. In his forensic speeches, you had all the variety of eloquence—argument, invective, satire, ridicule—all brought to bear —with wonderful skill—just as it should—upon "the subject under consideration." If he thought it most advisable to stir up a contemptuous feeling towards the case—no man could do it more ingeniously. If the eloquence of Wells was like the beauty of sculpture—the eloquence of Emmet was like the beauty of painting. Different from Wells, Emmet possessed all the essentials of a popular orator of the first order. He might have been a matchless demagogue if he had pleased. It is to his honour that he avoided the temptation. He could have addressed any audience from the most refined down to the least refined—with effect—for he would have adopted his style to each. The difference between him and Wells was, that while the latter kept himself aloof from his auditors—the other threw himself among them, and appeared anxious to convince them, that they were listening to one of themselves, and that he was only embodying their own feelings, and pursuing their own train of thought and reflection—this manner with a jury would have been *irresistible*—had not his angular displays of zeal, sentiment, and asperity in making the worse appear the better cause—put them somewhat upon their guard against the effects of his eloquence—but still, it was eminently successful, and as a *Nisi Prius* advocate gave him a decided superiority over his distinguished rival—who had the advantage, however, of never permitting a desire of success, to induce him to hazard his credit with reason, by urging with undue zeal an unsound position, or a mere technicality. I shall not take up a quarter of an hour in the delivery, remains indelibly impressed upon my memory; and yet there was nothing remarkable in its substance or its language.—Mr. Wells was on the part of the People, and did not urge with any great severity, an opposition to the motion to admit to bail; it was the charm of *manner*.

Mr. Wells was a close and logical reasoner, but there was nothing of the dryness of logic about his speeches—there was system and adherence to rule, but no stiffness, and formality in his division and detail of a subject—his language was always correct and forcible, frequently sentimental, and sometimes rising to pathos and fervour; but generally subdued, and cold rather than vehement. In fact here was the defect of Wells, both in language and delivery—he was somewhat too stately—too unbending—he was deficient in variety; he did not identify himself enough with the party he represented, and did not come home to the feelings of a jury. *He kept himself aloof* as it were—addressed them as a superior would address those whom he designed to enlighten—not like one of themselves appealing to feelings, which were shared in common—he spoke soundly, and was listened to with attention; he reasoned clearly, and took a most comprehensive view of the strong points of his case, which he pressed with energy and skill;—still, he was not a man to kindle and to thrill; he did not appear to feel much himself, and such an orator cannot expect to produce feeling in others. The eloquence of Wells was like the beauty of sculpture. If I may use the expression in our republican land—the eloquence of Wells was decidedly *aristocratic* —it was polished almost too much for every day use; it was too chaste and severe in taste for the multitude—and in truth for any, but the educated and refined—when we heard him, we could not but think, how such a style of language, and such a manner of dignity and command, would grace a Venitian Senate, or a British House of Peers—at least. I have often thought so, and could not but think that it was out of place in our simple republican Court room, with its excessive plainness, and truly democratic audience of all grades. Such a species of eloquence as this, would, of course, never make a man a favourite popular speaker; and Mr. Wells never sought the distinction. He never mingled in politics. In the *early part* of his professional life, he had to struggle with adversity, for he was too proud to stoop to the means which others do not scruple to employ, to obtain business and notoriety—he was retained and patronized by General Hamilton—he remained in the party of which Hamilton was the leader; and when Jefferson became a by word and a reproach, Mr. Wells continued to avow himself a federalist, and even gloried in the name.

In turning over the volumes of Johnson's Reports, it is almost amusing to discover in so many, and such a variety of cases,—Wells on one side, and Emmet on the other. Standing as they did at the very head of their profession, it was their fortune to be generally opposed to each other; and never were antagonists better conscious of each other's powers, or more inclined to do justice to each other's strength. Emmet had all the fervour of his native land —he entered into every cause with all his heart and soul; he could never tame down his manner to a cold propriety—but be the case what it might, and where it might—in the criminal courts—at *Nisi prius*—or before a bench of reverend judges—still, there was Emmet—ardent—vehement—full of fire—pressing home his arguments with almost impassioned earnestness. It was inspiring to behold him in a cause which was calculated to cause his energies to be put forth, and such was worthy of his zeal—his venerable form—his bald head—his strongly marked countenance, which age had passed over and sacred—his flashing eye—his deep and finely modulated voice—his unstudied gesticulation—all combined to give wonderful effect to his rapid pointed argument, his nervous declamation, and his powerful appeals to every feeling and every passion that could be brought to bear upon his cause. Emmet's eloquence was not what has usually been classed under the head of *Irish* eloquence. It did not possess those peculiar essential characteristics of exuberance of imagination, and flowery of diction, which are generally attributed to the eloquence of his country. Emmet's style was remarkable for its strength —it was truly *Demosthenic*—he never embellished for the sake of embellishment—he never employed himself in the idle business of decoration—he had a higher and more engrossing object in view—*to gain his cause*—to this all his energies and powers were directed; every thing was poured into the stream of argument; every figure was an illustration; every allusion and quotation had its use; his language was simple and expressive—he did not choose words for their sound, but for the purpose of giving clearness and force to his meaning—and if even a *culprit* word would suit his purpose best, he did not hesitate to make use of it. I have met somewhere with an expression like this, "the Napoleon power of making the several masses of various collected information bear upon the subject under consideration." I never knew a man who had this "Napoleon power," in an equal degree. It was the striking characteristic of Emmet's eloquence. He never lost sight of his object—but every argument and every reference and allusion bore directly upon it—when he seized upon a subject, he took hold of it, like one who could not relinquish his grasp, until his aim was accomplished—his arguments followed each other like the well directed blows of a workman's axe—and with him, it was the cause, the whole cause, and nothing but the cause. I have rarely seen a counsel tried as he tried it—and a speech, however studied, escaped his quick scrutiny—not a distinction, however subtile, but his ingenuity could suggest and carry out—not a position, however clear, but his skill could unwrap in a delicate web of refined sophistry, that none but the sharpest and clearest intellect could detect and unravel—and never was there a more dangerous antagonist—prompt, active, ever on the alert, quick as lightning—he could see through every disguise, and no ingenuity of artifice could conceal from him the weak points of his adversary's case—no pompous declamation or pitiability of explanation could protect his argument from the vehemence of his assault, or the keenness of his sarcasm, when he saw a part of the line through which destruction might be driven, or discovered that his antagonist had cast aside of the testimony, in his anxiety to chase, and to say something worthy of admiration. I have been told, that Stratford Canning, after hearing Mr. Emmet, remarked, that of the living orators of Ireland, there was but one whom he considered as his equal, and that was Lord Plunkett who much resembled him.

It has been mentioned as a defect in Emmet, that he exhibited an equal zeal in every case, and that his manner was as earnest in arguing a mere question of technicality before the bench, as in assuming up a cause of the deepest interest before a jury. This is a little exaggerated, but still there is something in it.—Emmet was too much inclined at times, to waste his energies upon what *lawyers* might deem a quibble—but I was the contemplation of the man—his temperament was naturally ardent, and he could not enter into an argument upon any point, without feeling a desire of success, and taking an interest in the result which might seem strange to cooler temperament.

Emmet did not possess the graces of manner, by any means in an equal degree with Wells. The latter was

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XV.

Edinburgh, June 20, 1835.

Our ride from Melrose to Edinburgh was pleasant and unpleasant both. On the outside of the coach we had for one of our companions a fellow so drunk, that we were obliged to lash him up, and on with the straps that lash the baggage. He had with him, as is custom ary with very many Englishman of all grades in society, a flask of whiskey, which is used in travelling, in a coach, or in a long walk, or in a steam boat, as the case may be, to "keep up the spirits." I have seen woman on the top of a coach take such a flask from their bags, and hand it round,—and nothing is more common than for the men to ask you thus to drink with them. I mention these little appearances of "men and manners" just to show that John Bull is *not always* a pattern for Americans. Indeed drinking now is carried on here in all circles just as it was in the United States ten years ago, before the Temperance Societies commenced their reforms. Almost every gentleman you meet must have a glass of brandy after dinner "to help digestion," he says—but by what process of logic

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches by a member of the Western Bar.

No. 5.

[ARCHED.]

It was during the session of the court as described in my last, in the autumn of 1827, in Logan co. Ohio, which was embraced in our circuit, that the following incident occurred, and which together with the entire narrative as here related is altogether authentic and "real." The subject indeed may seem to have little to do with the general title I have chosen for these sketches, but I was made acquainted with most of the individuals to whom it relates, while on the circuit, and there is, moreover, at least one incident in the narrative, connected in some degree with the profession, and which shows to advantage a point of character they are known to possess in an eminent degree as any other class of men upon earth, I mean their generosity, their charity, their readiness ever to sympathise with the unfortunate, and to assist the sufferer. Bespeaking then a little charity for what may seem egotism, proceed we with our narrative.

It was at the close of a day spent in court, into which had entered more than the usual vicissitudes of a lawyer's life, of good and bad fortune, hope and fear, success and defeat, and all of which is likely to be keenly felt by a very young advocate (and such I was at the time) and perhaps even long remembered—when returning to the hotel, or rather our plain log tavern, my landlord handed me a note written in a very neat crow quill hand, though on paper a little soiled, with a direction inscribing my name at length even to the middle letter, and what is somewhat unusual, a wax correctly split. It contained a request that I would call upon the writer, if I had leisure, in the course of the evening, directing me where she was to be found, for my correspondent, I need hardly add, was of the belle sex. It was very natural, especially in the case of a young advocate to suppose that the introduction had reference to nothing else than some interesting case in court, a breach of promise of marriage, or the defence of a fair creature against the persecutions of a jealous husband, and full of the subject, with this cue which my imagination had supplied, I hastily took my tea and went in search of my fair correspondent. Her residence was about a half a mile from the village, and partially in sight of it. It was situated I saw, as I approached, on the top of a knob, or little hill, from which the ground sloped in every direction, and was covered with a thick growth of shrub oaks extending quite up to the log dwelling. It had been cleared, it seems, during the last war for a military encampment, and occupied for a time by a portion of the north west army. The temporary log tenements that had been at that time erected, with the exception of the one to which I was making my way, had fallen to decay, and the logs lay strewn about the ground and crossing my path. It lay directly on the highest eminence in the neighbourhood, having been selected to command the surrounding country—while the bleak exposure to the north, and the utter sterility of the soil prevented, at a later day, its being in any way cultivated or occupied until its present occupants sought a temporary shelter there.—The whole scene as I approached it, at the close of a cold December's evening, was the very type of poverty and desolation, bleak, cheerless and forbidding. I had some difficulty to believe that the author of my neat little billet could be the inmate of so wretched a habitation, for the building itself, a mere square block house, composed of large rough hewn logs, was quite in keeping with the surrounding scenery. My knock at the door was answered by the appearance of a female who might have been some forty years of age, clad in the most coarse and common garb. Her figure was tall and slender made, her cheeks thin and pale, and the expression of her countenance melancholy and dejected in the extreme. To my ordinary salutation she made no immediate answer, but continued to gaze into my face with the utmost interest, as if endeavouring to recognize an old acquaintance. She at length exclaimed, "I am right, I see plainly the resemblance, you are the son of my early bosom friend, C. P. Your mother was a F." And who, I exclaimed, is it, thus on the very frontiers of civilization, and in such an abode that claims acquaintance with my family, with my mother? But her heart was full, the interview had called up associations connected with better and happier days, and she turned from me and wept like a child. Not interrupting her, I had time to examine the contents of the room, or more properly barrack. A miserable straw bed, situated in one corner with a few tattered blankets for covering, two or three old chairs, and a rude pine table constituted the entire furniture of the apartment. Two young children were shivering round some coals in the fire place, and a third was lying on the bed. I never saw a more desolate and poverty stricken looking home; the great size of the apartment, constructed probably, for the accommodation of fifty men at arms, stood in its nakedness in bold relief, nor did the melancholy and wo begone aspect of this lone woman (lone as I saw her) with her helpless little ones, assist to relieve the gloom. Repeating my question, when she had a little composed herself, as to what early friend of my mother's I had the good fortune to meet, though under circumstances that showed that adversity and that friend had not been strangers, assuring her at the same time that the name of my most cherished parent was ever a passport to command both the friendship and services of her son—after a moments pause, she replied by asking me if I ever recollected to have heard my mother speak of her friend Julia B——. Julia B! I exclaimed; the truth at once flashed upon me. I was indeed in the presence of the bosom friend, the early school companion of my mother. I was in the presence of one whose character was as familiar to me as though I had known her all my life: for who that has been raised in the neighbourhood that once claimed a distinguished belle, (one not alone the belle of the village but of the county, and of the surrounding country,) though it may be years after the heroine (and she is generally not less in some one or more of the traditions of the neighbourhood) has acted her part, and passed away—but will yet hear of her,—of her beauty and her conquests, and perhaps often of more worthy marks of distinction,—of virtues and qualities better entitling her to remembrance.

Her history in a few words is this. Mrs. C's (for such she now was, ancestors, had for years, if not almost, or quite for centuries, owned and occupied a rich and extensive valley in the neighbourhood of the Connecticut river. They were affluent in their circumstances, if not rich, and rode, and had for years in their carriages. Every pains and expense had been bestowed on Julia's education, and, as an evidence of it, even at the time I then encountered her, she built and spoke the French with ease and fluency, an accomplishment, it will be recollected, much more rare twenty-five years ago, than at present. It was by these qualities of the mind, her brilliancy and accomplishments, as much as by her beauty of person, though this latter was said to have been striking, that she obtained the reputation to which I have alluded. She had gratified an early attachment while yet very young, by marrying a young clergyman, and removed with him to the state of Ohio, whither the tide of emigration was just beginning to set, and where he probably felt himself called to go. He had died some years after they removed to the state, and after an interval of several years she married Hon. C——, at that time Secretary of the Treasury of Ohio, having been elected to that office while a member of the State Senate. C. possessed at the time, great popularity and influence and was a leading and an aspiring politician; but at one fell blow lost his popularity and all else! It was suspected, during his administration of the treasury department, that its affairs were not going on right. A committee was appointed by the legislature to examine its concerns, who made a report, establishing clearly the fact, that the secretary was largely a defaulter. This exposure broke poor C's heart—he was never a man afterwards. By the bye, in justice it should here be added, that even at the time, he was supposed to have been no farther culpable than using the funds for the benefit of his friends, to whom he had recourse and treachery he was undoubtedly a victim. Disheartened, disgusted, cursing the ingratitude of his friends and the feckleness of fortune, he left his former home, gave up his property to the last cent and the last article he possessed in the world, and removed with his family to the very outskirts of the farthest settlement, and after leading a sort of squatter's life for several years, finally took up his residence in the vacated old barrack in sight of the little town of Bethfont as above described. The ex-secretary was utterly unfit for business or any of the cares of life. It was supposed at times that he was, subject to something like hallucination of intellect; gloomy, misanthropic and solitary; he was not even society, in the absence of all other society, for his own family; and was of so little assistance to them otherwise, that but for the kindness of some of their neighbours they must have suffered, if not perished.

The outline of all this and much more, was communicated to me by Mrs. C. during our interview. She had learned of my arrival at the county seat through a worthy neighbour who some how called on her and who had mentioned my name to her, knowing I was from New England, and that perhaps, I might know something of her friends; who I may here add, as "woes love a train," had also been overtaken by adversity or such of them as survived, for many of them, including her father, had long since deceased. Never did I more sincerely sympathize with any human being; my heart bled for her, to see her thus, the inmate of an old barrack, almost in the forest; her whom "the winds of summer had not been permitted to visit too roughly," her who had been so kindly cared for, and delicately raised,—almost in want of the crust that should save herself and her babes from perishing—and a cold winter approaching! I asked what were her plans for the future or if she had any, when, to my great satisfaction she told me that she was daily expecting her son from Indiana, who had been absent from her several years, having been educated by a friend, and had lately been licenced as a physician—that they expected to go with him to Indiana, where he had assured her it would be in his power to render them assistance. She added they thought of setting off in a few days to meet him on the way. Before I left the house the ex-Secretary entered. He was indeed the wreck both mentally and physically I had heard him described—the very epitome of wo. He might have been some fifty-five years of age, and in stature more than six feet in height, if standing erect—but he was much bent or rather bowed; his face was thin and haggard, his clothes tattered and shabby in the extreme; an old slouched hat covered his head, and from under which, and almost hiding his face, escaped a profusion of gray or rather white locks. Thus stood before me the once ambitious politician! But he hardly noticed me when introduced by his wife, and immediately turned off, seeming to shun all intercourse.

I took my departure, having first obtained from Mrs. C. a promise she would let me know the moment of her arrival at U—— about twenty miles south, and which they would take in their route, and where the court were to adjourn to, on the following day; and to such time, I saw, for several reasons, it would be necessary to postpone any plans for the relief and assistance of this most distressed family; for individually, my means were unequal to that end, and never more did I regret my poverty.

In view of the above object, I at once applied to my old friend Chap, whose heart could never be applied to in vain, nor his purse, while there was any thing in it. He proposed at once a subscription on the part of the bar to be taken up shortly after our arrival at U——. They came a day or two sooner than was expected—having met with a wagon or rather cart, going in their direction, on board of which they placed their little baggage and accompanied themselves on foot.

She, woman-like, true to that pride and inborn delicacy which under any circumstance, struggle to preserve themselves in the bosom of an educated woman, had determined it seems, to pass through the town where they were known to many, without, if possible, being discovered. But my friend Chap fortunately was an early riser and happened to live at the outskirts of the town, near which they had passed the night. A little after day-light of a clear cold morning, Chap came round to my little office and awoke me, saying the C's have come to town, and were endeavouring to pass through it unseen. I immediately rose and joined him, and we started in the direction they were coming. They had just turned out of the lane on to the main road. I shall never forget the appearance of this group. First came the horses attached to the cart harnessed tandem fashion, trundling the rickety old thing along at a small's pace over the frozen hole—and such horses! They were miserable little broken down Indian ponies, so poor as to be hardly able to drag one leg after the other. Next followed in his tattered summer habiliments the ex-secretary, carrying his youngest child awkwardly in his arms; and then came the mother leading a little boy and girl, the eldest hardly more than six years of age, the little creatures shivering in the air of a raw December morning, their feet scarcely protected with even the covering of a sock, from the frozen ground with which at every step they came in contact. It was a sight to rouse a man, to pulsate his blood, to swell his bosom; he could fight on such an occasion if he had an enemy; he could weep were it not unmanly to do so. I approached and caught up the little girl in my arms, while my friend did the same in reverence to the other child, and at the same time I presented an arm to the mother and would not be refused its acceptance.

Not the devoted pair, when threading leisurely arm in arm the shady mazes of the grove, not the lover when the mistress of his heart has distinguished him with some special mark of her favor, not the orator in the hour of his triumph, or the young soldier in the flush of victory, know the sensations—may I call it pleasure, of that moment. We are strangely constituted. I won't philosophize—but I felt my soul was in the arm on which that poor woman hung, and in her defence an adversary might have felt as much. There she was, she the once caressed idolized and worshiped child of fortune, homeless and homeless at an hour while others yet slept, travelling on foot, in a pilgrim's garb, to seek an asylum, at the end of a journey of hundred of miles, through mud, and frost, and snow, and with such companions for her journey as a wretched, half crazed old man and three helpless children! She was flying at the moment too, strange to say, from her friends; stealthily shunning them to avoid that ostentatious charity, which however required by necessity, the delicacy of her nature, the pride of her woman's heart caused her to shrink from.—O! Woman thou art strangely constituted! What a heaven of pride ever mingles with thy nature! How well hast thou preserved thy first parent's legacy!

When I first approached, she had anticipated my charge; and with an effort at something like gaiety stammered out a kind of apology for so sudden a departure. But I saw in the whole plan the spirit and the character of Julia B——. In her own solitary home, to the private ear of one to whom she ought to be able to look as to a friend, she had no concealment—but contact with society, even the sight of a town again reminded her who she was, and how she once had moved in that society; and she was shocked at the thought of even a recognition by former friends, much more that she should be sought out by them as a fit object for charity.

The cart required some repairs, and we had stopped for a moment opposite a blacksmith's shop, and myself and friend were using all the persuasion in our power to prevail upon the party to enter the hotel near by, wishing to detain them at least for a short time till our plans for their relief could be carried into effect, which had been the longer delayed as their arrival had not been so early expected, when while thus engaged, a young girl from a neighbouring house approached and running up to the party, at once recognized them as her friends and relatives. Let me here add, I do not introduce this noble creature to give effect to the narrative. (I am not writing a fiction) she acted the part as here set down to her.

She was the niece it seems of old Mr. C. The fortunes of her father who had been one of the securities of his brother while secretary of the treasury, had been greatly injured by the wreck, in which had been swept away, every thing belonging to the latter, and young Ab had come to the village to learn the business of a milliner and mantuamaker. When she saw her uncle, aunt and the children, thus comfortless and unprovided for, and a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one of their condition in this respect, nothing could exceed the interest she expressed, or the hurry and agitation of feelings she seemed to experience. She would run up to one of the children and then to the other, and having caressed them all round, and pitied them a great deal in the kindest accents of her sweet voice, she insisted on their entering the house where she stopped, and her importunities were not to be resisted; they were sufficient to soften and overcome even her coy, reserved and dignified aunt (dignified in spite of her wretchedness) and the party entered.

Ah, if I was writing a story instead of what I am faithfully recording some reminiscences of the past, would do well for a heroine; many less beautiful have no doubt figured as such in the pages of fiction. She was at the time about eighteen years of age, with a figure of most delicate and faultless proportions. Tow string features of her face were her eyes and forehead. Never looked there forth a nobler black eye. It was large, full and soft, and as clear and bright as the gazelle's. Her forehead was high, and the hair worn parted on the top and neatly combed back, exposing a brow and temples as tenderly and unco has Parian marble, or the whitest bust of Canova. The expression of her face was that of extreme innocence or artlessness. You could have sworn that the spirit that shown forth from those eyes, the blood that from the slightest cause rushed to her cheeks and mantled o'er her brow, sprung from a source as pure as the heart that inhabits an angel's bosom; She beheld the destitution of her kindred, and saw with a smay how much was required to make them any thing like comfortable, to perform a long journey at such a season of the year, and poor innocent, she never dreamed they could have claims upon any but herself. She had no difficulty in parting with a portion of her own wardrobe in order to make provision for her aunt, and having settled all this in her mind, she next took her little purse and flew to the store, and soon emptied its scanty contents in the purchase of shoes, socks, mittens, &c. for the children. With these she returned, and with as much care as a bird hovers round protects and caresses its young, and with the same fluttering anxiety, she soon arranged her little purchases comfortably about their persons, apparently gratifying them not less than herself.

But there was one member of the party, her old uncle, yet unprovided for. A threadbare been coat was his best outside garment. What was to be done? her funds were all exhausted. It occurred to her from the character of Bill Mc——a merchant in the village that he might give her credit. She had noticed a blanket coat in his store, which was just the thing her uncle required. Returning slowly back with her head cast down, meditating how she should break the matter of asking for a credit, she enquired as she entered again to see the blanket coat, and stood apparently intently regarding it, turning it over and over while the struggle was going on in her bosom between her affection and her fears, her desire to obtain the article, and her dread to ask to be credited for it. At length, watching an opportunity when no one else was near, in a low, hurried and tremulous voice, she asked Mr. Mc—— if he would sell her that coat, holding it in her hand, on a credit, "she would pay him for it indeed she would—she had parted with all her ready money that morning, but she would in a few weeks obtain more, and she should not forget that whatever she earned was his till the coat was paid for?" The character of the purchase, and the singularity of the request, was such that Mr. Mc—— thought he had misunderstood his fair customer, or perhaps, from her hurried manner he hardly understood her at all, and put her some questions intended to elicit her wishes, but which she unfortunately misconstrued into a reply designed to precede an apology for declining the sale on her terms. Her young heart was full, her feelings could no longer be controlled, and bursting into tears she exclaimed, "sell me, I beg of you, this coat—I will pay you for it if I have to work my hands off; besides, sir, if you doubted my maiden word thus publicly pledged for a trifle, you know my family, and poor though they may be, that they would not let you suffer for a kindness extended to our unfortunate kinsman. It is for him, my uncle, that I want the coat, it may save his life—it may be the last office of kindness any of us will have it in our power to perform for him." Of course, her request (of course with Bill Mc——) was complied with, and I hardly need add that her eloquent appeal would have been altogether unnecessary had the parties rightly understood each other. Every apology was made, and every thing said calculated to calm and appease her feelings, and a credit to any amount in the most delicate manner freely tendered her. But taking the coat, half blushing for shame at the excess of feeling, that thus before strangers she had been involuntarily betrayed to, she hastily returned to her friends, when the ex-secretary was at once arrayed, though apparently himself almost unconscious of the change, in the ample folds of the blanket coat, covering as it did effectually his under summer garments, and well protecting him from the cold.

Mean time my friend Chap had been busy, and the call upon the bar, had been answered, as such calls with them ever are, with promptness and liberality. A most humane, generous and liberal minded man, than our venerated judge who headed the list, did not and does not live. And it is a very great mistake generally, to suppose, as many do, that the practice of the profession tends to deaden the sensibilities and dry up the charities of life; on the contrary, its members by being brought much acquainted with the adversity and misfortunes of men, and at the same time with that short-sightedness, weakness and fallibility that belongs to the human character, and often induces "those ills which flesh is heir to,"—seem to regard the unhappy, as naturally having claims upon their sympathy, and give to the unfortunate almost without scrutiny or without inquiry.

Thus were matters arranged, the cart meantime had been prepared, and the party were ready to set out, and with means at least sufficient to defray their travelling expenses along the road, and procure them necessaries—when a horseman, well mounted came dashing up the road in the direction they were going. He was recognized by one of the party long before he had reached us. It is, exclaimed the overjoyed mother, it is my son, it is Henry! In another moment the young man had dismounted, was by her side, and held her to his bosom. When the first transports of the meeting was over, and he had more time to regard her, he could not withhold the expression of his surprise at the change that had taken place in her appearance since he last saw her. But I will recollect the manner in which he eyed that old cart, the Indian ponies, and the driver, and indeed the other members of the party, including the ex-secretary. He seemed to comprehend for the first time, the full extent of the poverty to which his family had been reduced, and I suppose in fact did, for his mother's letters out of regard to his feelings had probably left the worst untold. After eyeing them all round, he stepped up to his mother, and taking her hand in the most kind and affectionate manner, drew her arm within his, and drawing his tall and manly figure to its full height, looked round upon the crowd with a sort of expression of defiance (though heaven knows there were none there but his friends) as much as to say, "she is my mother. I can protect her. There are mine to look to and provide for; they will be safe with me," and he extended an arm at the same time to the ex-secretary.

I see him now as he stood in the first dawn of manhood, clad in the usual riding dress of the country, with his long leggins and spurs, his fine face flushed with the emotions his bosom had just experienced, his big coat thrown back as if to relieve the pressure that was so his heart, his cap in his hand as though hardly presuming to stand covered in the presence of his honored parents; I see him thus as he supported them along the street in the direction of the hotel, followed by his fair cousin leading the children; the bowed and emaciated figure of the old man, and the weak and fragile form of his mother; well contrasting with the firm and noble bearing of him on whom they leaned, strikingly illustrating the figure that is so often exemplified of the ivy clinging to the oak.

There are many situations in which youth, beauty and manliness may appear to advantage, but the artist himself will in vain devise scenes and attitudes, whether selected from the list, the senate chamber, or the drawing room, where the effect can surpass, or the moral equal that of the genuine exhibition of filial love, in the sort of grouping I have here faintly attempted to describe—It was Grecian all—it was poetry and the arts combined, and hallowed by God's own commandment, where he says "honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The young doctor after making the necessary arrangements left in a few days with the family in a private conveyance for S—— having in the first place insisted upon having the money that had been received returned, and from S—— they took the stage for Indiana.

It remains for me but to record poor Abi's fate, and I cannot also! do it better than by transcribing literally from a letter that has before me, written by a brother, dated at C—— Ohio, April 23d, 1834. I should premise that she was married shortly after the events narrated above to my young friend B—— who discovered and appreciated her worth, and removed with her to the town at which the letter bears date.

It proceeds—"I had supposed from what you told me, or got the impression, that B—— resided at U——. My attention was called to his name some days since by a card which was left at the hotel where I stopped, stating that the wife of Mr. J. B. was deceased, and his friends were invited to attend her funeral. On enquiry I ascertained he was from U—— and supposed him to be one of the B's you had spoken of, so I considered myself invited, although a stranger, and attended the funeral. The circumstances attending it were somewhat singular. After we had assembled and attended prayers, the hearse at the door, and she in the coffin, the physician was not perfectly confident that she was yet dead, so perfectly natural and beautiful did she look, so she was taken from the coffin and laid back in her bed.

The next day being sure she was deceased, she was buried. He, or she, appeared to have no relatives, or at least gentlemen relatives present, as at her grave he appeared to weep alone, which he did bitterly. From the circumstance of my supposing it was him who had been your friend, or because it is easy for me to play the woman, or both, as I turned to leave the scene a tear of sympathy unconsciously escaped me, which was the only tribute a stranger could pay at the early grave of her we buried."

Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The tale of "Fiar," from Canandaigua, N. Y. needs some corrections before it can be put in type.

The articles from "Damon" and "Barry Bottle," we adjudge deficient in merit, and decline their publication.

"Peter" shall receive immediate attention.

☞The communication signed, "a friend of the family," cannot be published without the responsibility of a name with which we are familiar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Waldie has commenced the publication of a new periodical, under the title of "WALDIE'S OCTAVO LIBRARY." It is in large octavo form, printed with good type, and on good paper, and will contain in each number, 21 closely printed pages. The Octavo Library will be published weekly, at $5 per annum. Its contents will be the same as the reading matter of the SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY, which is issued in a larger form, and it is designed to accommodate those who object to the size of the latter publication. The first number of the Octavo Library contains the commencement of Rosamund Gray.

TREATISE ON PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published, in one octavo volume, a treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, by Dr. James Clark. The work comprehends "an inquiry into the causes, nature, prevention and treatment of tuberculous and scrofulous diseases in general," and will undoubtedly prove a valuable text book for members of the medical profession.

LIFE OF CROMWELL.—1 vol. Carey & Hart.—This work, from an anonymous source, professes to give "a detailed narrative of all the prominent events of Cobbett's life—domestic, literary and political—nearly all penned originally by William Cobbett himself." It has probably been hurried out in anticipation of a more voluminous work, now in the course of preparation by Mr. Cobbett's sons, and which, from its anticipated size and cost, will probably require much time to complete and expensively circulate. In the absence of such a work the present cannot fail to find many attentive readers.

Cobbett was an extraordinary man, and every year of his eventful life, affords incidents of a striking and unusual character. He possessed talents of a high order, but his political principles were as variable as the wind, and it is probable that upon every prominent topic that has occupied public attention during the last forty years, Cobbett has written on both sides of the question. Perhaps no man was ever more abused, and it is certain that a more abusive writer has never lived, either in this country or in Europe. With a mind unusually strong and well informed, with satirical powers of a high order, and with a zeal and industry in the prosecution of any favorite measure, rarely equalled, Cobbett was a most powerful antagonist, and upon those with whom he came in contact, he invariably showered his wrath in its fullest bitterness. Altogether, as a man and a politician he may be regarded as *sui generis*, and a history of his life, though it may fail to command respect and admiration, cannot but prove a work of deep interest to all attentive observers of human nature and human depravity.

FORGET ME NOT.—This annual, for 1836, appears in a new and much improved dress, and with very strong claims upon public patronage in its beautiful engravings and interesting contents. It contains eleven embellishments, viz. a presentation plate, the Actress at the Duke's, the Young Enchanter, King Alfred's Return, The Shepherdess, the Dying Sister, Juliana, the Confession, Cromwell and his Daughter, the Dance of the Peasants and the Porch of Chartres Cathedral, all of which are from the gravers of artists of celebrity, and all of which possess considerable merit.

Among the literary contributors we notice the names of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, James Montgomery, Esq. H. F. Chorley, Miss Lawrance, William L. Stone, Esq. Mary Howitt, J. K. Harvey, Esq. Miss Landon, Douglass Jerrold Esq. Mrs. Gore, Dr. Mackenzie, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others, whose writings never fail to command attention and elicit praise. Col. Stone's sketch of "Life in the Woods," and "The Actress at the Duke's," by Douglass Jerrold,—the only articles we have found leisure to peruse—possess extraordinary interest.

The appearance of the "Forget Me Not," is highly attractive, the typography and binding being unusually handsome. The publishers in this city are Messrs. Carey & Hart.

PAUL ULRIC, a new novel, from the pen of Morris Mattson, Esq. of this city, will be published by the Harpers, in the course of two or three weeks.

THE YOUTH'S BOOK OF THE SEASONS.—This is the title of a handsome little work, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, designed as a useful, entertaining and instructive companion for youth. It describes the amusements of the seasons, and gives a summary of the most striking natural phenomena arising from their changes. The author states that his purpose "is to direct the attention of young persons to the study of nature, in connection with the other means of intellectual improvement so abundantly enjoyed in our happy country," and that "he has endeavoured to point out the numerous and prolific sources of amusement and instruction with which the natural world abounds."

The work is interspersed with a great variety of engravings.

THE PILGRIMS OF WALSINGHAM—2 vols. Key & Biddle.—These volumes are from the pen of Agnes Strickland. The story is founded on an ancient cue, tom, alluded to by Geoffry Chaucer, of devotional pilgrimages to the tomb of some favorite saint, and a vast deal of interest is interwoven in the narrative. The characters are historical, and each one, as in Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, relates a tale.

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR.—We have been favored by the publishers, Messrs. Key & Biddle, with a copy of this beautiful annual, for 1836. It has received this year, the editorial supervision of the Rev. Chauncey Colton, President of Bristol College, Pa. Its embellishments are, a Vignette title page, by Ellis; Portrait of late Rev. Dr. Bedell, by Longacre, a beautiful engraving, and an excellent likeness; The Bride's Departure, by Ellis; The Village Baptism, by Lawson; Syracuse, by Neagle; The Brother's Protection, by Ellis; Childhood, by Neagle, and The Death Scene, by Lawson, generally subjects of uncommon interest designed and executed in the first style of workmanship.

The principal contributors to the contents of the present volume, are, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Cahoon, Miss Gould, Willis G. Clark, Esq. Mr. Tuckerman, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Ellet, of New York, Mrs Fellowes, Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, B. B. Thatcher, and W. H. Tappan, writers of celebrity, who, in the articles here furnished, seem to have written with more than their usual success. All the prose articles possess interest, and the poetical contributions are unquestionably among the richest specimens of talent that our country can produce.

The Souvenir is printed very neatly, and the binding is superb.

EASTERN PENITENTIARY.—The second volume of Mr. McElwee's work on the history of the Eastern Penitentiary, we noticed in this paper some weeks ago, since which time we have been furnished with the first volume. It contains a variety of information, reports, documents, &c. connected with the late examination into the government of the penitentiary, made by a committee of the legislature.

The whole work, we understand, may be obtained at the corner of Church alley and Third street.

CLINTON BRADSHAW.—A friend who has read this novel with care and attention, in whose judgment we have entire confidence, requests us to copy the annexed notice of the work, from the National Gazette of this city. The criticism is just.

Clinton Bradshaw, or the Adventures of a Lawyer—Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 2 vols.—This work is evidently the production of a ready and observing mind. There is very little literary pretension about either the design or execution of the tale. It consists of successive scenes very graphically delineated, and occasionally vivified with flights of humor and fancy. Many of the descriptions and the dialogues in particular, have a good degree of spirit and nature which renders them amusing, if not instructive. The adventures of the hero present no very extravagant picture of the trials and fortunes of not a few of his profession. Our legal friends, whose progress at the bar has been graduated according to the ordinary standard in those days of earnest competition, will, we imagine, find not a little entertainment, in turning over the record of the life of one of their fraternity. The manner of the author of these volumes is conversational, and his tone seems to lie in the vigorous portraying, of comparatively common scenes. There is something almost unique in his production, since it relates to persons and places within the scope of our immediate knowledge; and altogether, it is quite an amusing contribution to our stock of high reading.

The New York American thus closes a notice of Clinton Bradshaw. "The author of Clinton Bradshaw, has, we think, avoided, if we may so speak, that literary error of the day; he has had the boldness not only to describe society, as it may fall within the observation of the majority of his readers, but to be natural in the description, and herein lies the peculiar charm of the work—it is so natural we think it must be true; neither is it wanting in pathos or power."

The Mint.—We learn that a new die for the coins of the United States, is now in a state of preparation, and will be ready for use in the ensuing year. The design was prepared by Bolly, and is said to be exceedingly beautiful. It is a full length image of the Goddess of Liberty, in a sitting posture, with one hand resting on a shield containing the coat of arms of the United States. On the reverse, will be the American Eagle, as at present, without however, the shield and coat of arms with which his breast is disfigured, and which somewhat resembles a gridiron, exhibiting the bad taste of broiling a bird with his feathers on. The first coin struck with the new device, will be the *dollar*, of which there have none been coined for thirty years.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Appointments by the Governor.

David Gunther, inspector of salted provisions, in and for the city and county of Philadelphia.

George Handy and Jonathan K. Hassinger, Esq'rs, assistant wardens of the port of Philadelphia.

Thomas Craighead, Esq. to be a justice of the peace for the district of south Middleton and Carlisle, in the place of Peter Lobach, deceased.

George Smith, Esq. to be a justice of the peace in and for the same district.

Lewis Heyer, Esq. to be a justice of the peace in and for the district of Allen.

William Dean, Esq. to be a justice of the peace in and for the district of Monroe.

James Elliott, Esq. to be a justice of the peace in and for the district of Westpennsborough.

Jacob Snyder, Esq. to be a justice of the peace in and for the district of Shippensburg.

Ten of the Schuylkill boatmen were tried on Wednesday at Reading, for conspiring together, and stopping all the boats on the Schuylkill Canal at Hamburg, in June and July last. The Miner's Journal states, that the defendants pleaded not guilty, and a Jury was called, and they were put upon trial. Several witnesses were then examined on the part of the prosecution—and after some consultation between the counsel, the defendants withdrew the plea of "not guilty," and plead guilty in manner and form indicted, and submitted to the Court. The prosecutors then recommended the Court not to fine or imprison them. The Court, after some hesitation, agreed to the recommendation, and passed the following sentence.—That the Defendants pay a fine of 1 cent, pay the costs of prosecution, and stand committed until this sentence be complied with.

Counsel for prosecution, Messrs. Loeser, Biddle, Smith and Leavenworth, A. G.

For the Defendants, Messrs. Cabbon, Wharton, Dechert, and Morris.

The costs in this suit cannot fall much short of 1500 or $2000.

From the Galena (Ill.) Gazette and Advertiser.

MR. EDITOR:—The following copies of speeches are verbatim, as delivered by a member of the bar, at a court house, not one thousand miles hence, at the last April term. That the science of law may be promulgated in just proportion to its great importance, I have to request of you the favor of inserting them in your paper. Demosthenes and Cicero, were great civilians in their day, but the present age exhibits far greater depth of eloquence and pathos than seems to have been noted to these ancient orators. The several illustrations in these speeches are as happy as the display of oratory must have been brilliant; and then too, the sublimity, which crowded the speaker's imagination when dwelling on these trying times of *our posterity in future days feuling* for that sacred right of liberty which is so enthusiastically cherished with in every patriot's heart. GRIMSHAW.

SPEECH ON THE SLANDER CASE.

Gentlemen of the Jury: If a man be not callous to all sin and iniquity, my man got mad—for what say Capt. Price? Liberty are a great thing, our posterity in future days feel for it, therefore, my man are like Cesar's wife, not only polluted and unexpected. Which could you druther? Who steals my purse steals trash, but him who robs me of my good name takes that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed—all for to injure my client. Mr. Dodge are a man an void of character, that when he tells the truth, he are gripes. If a man hurt your body, it can be cured, but what sarb of assersiety can heal my clients' character, which is hair hung and breze shaken. If the defendant are a young man, an excuse rolls through my mind, but he is old like a young wolf, and has a family, and slanders my client's secrets and lays the axe to his root. It are a good principle to render under Cesar, the things what are Cesar's; and unto Miss Carey the things what are her's; and unto my client the things what are his.

SPEECH ON THE ASSAULT AND BATTERY CASE.

Gentlemen of the Jury: This here man chunked and clubbed and dogged plaintiff's hogs, (here some of the counsel on the other side bursted out in peals of laughter, when our orator mildly explained, it he had a tatur, he'd flog it down his throat.) He premeditated this malice, knowing the torture that he had inflicted on these animals. So tender is the Legislature of the feelings of a hog, as for to give him a remedy, and there are no law for to revenge jumpin a fence on a dumb brute. The appurtenances 'twixt the werth and the worm fence ought'nt for to be but six inches, and this hur, was a rotten fence that a hog could jist naturally walk through if he would. A man are a man the world over, but a hog, gentlemen of the jury, ought'nt for to be dogged.

Public Lands.—The land sales at the west continues to attract great numbers from different parts of the country. That which was lately held at Laporte, was continued four weeks; and was numerously attended by individuals from different parts of the United States, in quest of Congress lands. Nearly all the valuable land in that section was taken as the government price. It is estimated that about $300,000 were paid for that which was sold during the time the sales continued.—*Cleveland Her.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Suicide.—A girl residing in Second street, below Greenwich, Southwark; on Saturday evening last, put a period to her existence, in a fit of despair and temporary insanity. A post mortem examination was held on Sunday before a coroner's jury, when it was ascertained that she had effected her deadly intention by spreading corrosive sublimate on an apple and eating it.

A little girl, the daughter of a respectable shoemaker in Kunkle street, was on Thursday, run over by a baggage car, on the Willow street rail road, near Front street. The wheel passed directly over the thighs of the child, and cut them nearly off. The sufferer was taken home with little hope of recovery.

A carriage on the hill opposite Fair Mount, was upset on Thursday last, by the weight of the persons in it pressing to one side—they narrowly escaped tumbling down the precipice; fortunately no very serious injury was sustained.

A writer in the Philadelphia Herald says, there is a vast amount of land in Pennsylvania at present unproductive, which would sell and be improved, if a geological survey and description were made and published. These geological surveys are among the most valuable of the many modern applications of science to practical purposes.

We understand that a large brick building, about 150 feet long, in Callowhill street, between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth, was blown down on Tuesday last, during the strong gale of wind. There were a number of blacksmiths working in the basement story, who fortunately escaped unmained.

Young Onderdonk Pardoned.—The New York Daily Advertiser says:—Governor Marcy has given a pardon to Henry J. Onderdonk who was recently convicted of forgery. He was liberated from prison on Friday week, and conveyed privately to Long Island, whence it is intended to send him to sea. Tibbets, his accomplice, who turned State's evidence against him is still in prison.

Upwards of $300,000 in specie were received at New Orleans on the 21st ult. from Tampico and Campechy.

Extraordinary Rise in Real Estate.—A lot with a wooden building on it, of little or no value, 27 feet front by 107 1-2 feet deep, which sold six years since for $1,500, brought at auction last week, for cash, $16,000. It was bought by our enterprising townsman Otis S. Mills.—*Charleston Patriot.*

The Western Girard.—Benjamin Rathbone, Esq. has purchased the interest of D. B. Coe, Esq. in the line of mail stages in the different routes from this city. Mr. R. is doing for Buffalo, in his life time, what Stephen Girard authorized to be done after his death.—The citizens of Buffalo are greatly indebted to Mr. Rathbone, for the extensive improvements made, and making, in that extraordinary city.

Death in the Coffee Pot.—The body of a female infant was discovered on Sunday afternoon last, on the Back bay, near the Tremont road, Boston, in an old *Coffee Pot*, with the lid fastened by a piece of tape that looked very much like a pair of apron strings. The infant was apparently just born. A "tempest in a tea pot" is of no uncommon occurrence, but it was left to the Bostonians to exhibit a corpse in a coffee pot.

Thanksgiving day in Ohio.—Friday, the 20th of November, has been appointed by the governor of Ohio, to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer in that state.

Pensacola has been without a goal for some years past. The Gazette of that place bears strong testimony in favor of the orderly conduct of the "old" population, and their exemption from the crimes which fill the penitentiaries of the States.

The banking capital of Louisiana in actual employment is $28,000,000, and the capital of new banks not yet paid up will swell it to $49,000,000? Applications for new banks are expected to be presented to the next Legislature of that State.

SPECIE.—In three vessels that arrived at our port on Monday, the Hercules, Eliza and Susan, and Gazelle, there were $150,000 in specie, to the United States Bank. Each had $150,000.

The population of the city of New York appears to be at length accurately ascertained, and amounts to 269,873—a little more than half (138,351) being females. The total number of births last year was 8,917: the deaths 5,930. The whole number of voters is given in the census at 42,936. There are besides, 27,530 FOREIGNERS NOT NATURALISED: 1893 paupers: 18,102 persons of color, of whom 75 have property enough to be entitled to vote. The city contains 4,476 acres of land.

RENTS are enormously high in New Orleans—no decent house fit to live in, can be obtained under $60 per month—whilst $1000 per annum seems to be a fair rent, for any house of the most moderate pretensions.

The labor on the Bunker Hill Monument has ceased for the season. Thirty-one courses are now completed—each of which, as we are told, is two feet eight inches, making a height of 82 feet eight inches.

A Veteran Shaver.—There is a barber in Kingston, Rhode Island, by the name of William Lant, who is ninety-one years of age, and continues to wield his razor with great facility. He is a revolutionary pensioner, was formerly a resident of this city, and shaved General Lee, Hamilton, and Washington, more than fifty years ago. His wife is still living, and in her eighty-ninth year.

*

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bick mell, publisher of the Reporter, Centennial Director, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 13, 1835.

ASHES			
Pot.....cwt	4 75	5 00	
Pearl	5 75	6 00	
BUTTER			
Tub.....lb			
Extra leg. No. 1		13	14½
No. 1		13	14
No. 2		11½	12½
COAL			
Lehigh.....ton	4 75	5 00	
Schuylkill	4 75	5 25	
COFFEE, duty free			
Java		13	13½
St. Domingo		11	11½
Porto Rico		12	13
Cuba		11½	12½
Laguira		12	13
Rio		11½	13
COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb.			
Louisiana		17	19
Mobile		16½	18½
N. Ala. and Tenn.		16	18
S. C. and Geo.		18	19
N. C. and Va.		16	18
FREIGHTS			
To Pittsburgh, per canal			
100 lbs	1 12½	3 00	
FLOUR and MEAL			
Superfine...bbl.	4 00		
Fine	3 50	3 75	
Rye		4 25	
Middling			
Corn meal		4 25	
do. in bbls		19 00	
GRAIN			
Rye Pa	82	84	
Rye Southern			
Wheat Pa	1 17	1 20	
do South boob	1 07	1 12	
Corn L. C. white	98	99	
do. L. C. yellow	96	98	
do. U. C. round	1 00	1 02	
Oats Pa	40	42	
Southern	39	41	
Barley Eastern			
do. Pa	75	80	
HOPS			
1st sort, 1835	lbs 16	18	
MOLASSES			
New Orleans			
Sugar-house	47	49	
do. N. York	49	50	
do. Philada	44	48	
do. Steam	48	50	
Trinidad	39	53	
Porto Rico	38	54	
Eng. French fal	38	51	
Hav & Matanzas			
MACKEREL			
No. 1...bbl	8 50		
No. 2	7 50		
No. 3		5 50	
OIL			
Linseed, Am. from store	93	94	
do Dutch			
Whale...gal		45	
Sperm, winter	1 05	1 10	
do summer	95	1 00	
PLASTER PARIS			
In Del'ware ton		3 00	
In Schuylkill		3 00	
SEEDS			
Clover...bush	4 00	5 25	
Flaxseed, rough	1 80	1 85	
do. clean oak			
Timothy, bbl	2 75	3 00	
Herds...bush			
Orchard grass	2 00		
WHISKEY			
Rye in hhds		31½	
do in bbls	28	28	
do from wagons	27		
WOOL			
Prime Saxony fleece			
	70	75	
Am wash full bld	62½	67½	
do. ¾ blood	53	57½	
do. ½ blood	50	52	
do. ¼ and com	45½	47½	
Am unwash full bld	27	30	
do. ¾ blood	24	27	
do. ½ blood	19	22	
do. ¼ and com	40	42	
Sup'r pulld lambs	52	56	
No 1...do	42	47	
No. 2...do	35	37½	
No. 3...do	23	30	
Spa sheep R & S			
do lambs			

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 14, 1835.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Messrs. Maywood & Co. managers of the Chesnut street Theatre, offer a prize of a silver cup, value $50, for the best original poetic address, not exceeding one hundred lines, to be spoken at the opening of the New National Theatre, Washington, on Monday, 7th of December next. The merits and demerits of the poem to be decided, and the award made, by a committee of literary gentlemen of Washington. *Competitors for the prize are requested to forward their articles, to the address of the managers in this city, on or before the 1st instant.*

According to the new census, the population of the city of Boston is about 80,000. The increase, since the last census was taken is about 30 per cent. The increase in the population of Albany, in five years, is about 16 per cent. The present population is 28,085.

The Rev. Enos Stiles, Esq. has been appointed professor of polemic theology, biblical literature and moral criticism, in the Marion College of Missouri. B. Ely was in the city last week, and on Sunday evening last preached in Dr. Barnes's church.

At the late commencement at Harvard College, a Greek version of an extract from Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, was delivered by Horace Morrison, and received with great applause. Qr. How many of the audience understood the speaker?

The number of buildings erected in this city and suburbs, during the present year, is estimated to exceed three hundred. The increase of population probably calls for an increase of about 1000 buildings annually. But for the strikes upon the part of the journeymen mechanics, in June last, *the number of new edifices* erected this year, would have been much greater.

THE BALTIMORE RIOTERS.—The first trial resulting from the late riots in Baltimore, took place in that city last week. Joseph Walters, Jr. was indicted for an assault and battery on Charles F. Tessdale, on the night of the 5th of August last. It appeared in evidence that Mr. Tessdale in obedience to a call on the citizens by the Mayor, to aid the Civil Authorities in preserving the peace and protecting the property of the citizens, was acting as a member of a troop of horse, voluntarily assembled under the command of Colonel E. L. Finley—that his horse fell with him while passing rapidly along the street—and in the fall Mr. Tessdale lost his sword, that before he could rise, he was surrounded by a crowd, who beat him severely, and the traverser, Walters, took up the sword, and with the naked point presented it to a threatening manner over Tessdale, then lying in the street, asked whether he should run it through him; he was prevented however, by some of the bystanders, from wounding Mr. T. with his sword. The jury found the traverser *guilty*, and the Court sentenced him to pay a fine of one hundred dollars—to be imprisoned six months—and to give security in five hundred dollars to keep the peace.

"*Note of preparation.*"—*All the facts in the battle of New York*, says the Transcript, are ordered to be garrisoned forthwith, and an order has been given for one hundred cannon to be sent to Fort Richmond. At Norfolk, the North Carolina of seventy-four guns, has been taken out of the dry dock, and hauled alongside of the navy yard, preparatory to her going in her masts. The Falmouth and the Grampus are also to be immediately docked and fitted up.

TEACHERS.

An association has lately been organized in this city, of which HORACE BINNEY, Esq. has been chosen president, the object of which is to facilitate the engagement of teachers of either sex, qualified to take charge of schools and seminaries, or to give instruction in private families. The plan of operations is as follows:—

1. By receiving and registering all applications for situations from all classes of Teachers.

2. By receiving and registering all applications for Teachers of every grade of learning, and every variety of instruction.

3. When we find the wishes of the applicants to correspond, by making this correspondence known to the parties, and by passing the Teacher to the school or private situation as soon as practicable.

4. If any Teachers shall be unable to defray their traveling expenses to the places of destination, by loaning, as far as possible, money to said Teachers for the object; said loans to be refunded as soon as the circumstances of the Teachers will permit.

Dr. S. S. Fitch, 171 Walnut street, has been chosen secretary of the association, and he is required, under the direction of the Board of Managers, to open books of registry and correspondence, to enter all applications for teachers and all applications from teachers for schools. All teachers who apply for schools, are required to produce satisfactory testimonials of character and acquirements, or their names will not be entered.

The object of the association is unquestionably a good one, and the exertions of the members will no doubt be attended with very beneficial results.

A JOURNEY IN THE AIR.—The Cincinnati Whig states that Mr. Clayton, the gentleman who made an aerial journey from that city to the Alleghany Mountains, during the last summer, is engaged in constructing a monstrous balloon, to be called the "Star of the West," which is to accommodate twenty or thirty persons, if so many can be found willing to risk their necks, and to make voyages of from one to three thousand miles.

We think that there has been quite enough of "Ballooning" of late. The late accidents have not contributed a little to the cause of science, and further attempts should not be encouraged.

BANK OF MARYLAND.—Bicknell's Reporter states that one of the suits arising out of the failure of the Bank of Maryland, has been decided in favour of the Trustees of that institution, by which they have recovered of Thomas Ellicott the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, paid to him as commission for negotiating the sale of the Tennessee bonds to the Union Bank of Maryland. The amount awarded, the interest being included, is twenty-eight thousand one hundred dollars. Notwithstanding this decision, the notes of the Bank of Maryland cannot be sold for more than 10½ cents on the dollar.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY.

Dr. Joseph Pancoast has commenced his winter course of lectures on Anatomy, in the Anatomical rooms, in College Avenue. We had the pleasure of hearing his introductory lecture, on Thursday of last week, and were much pleased with the general exposition of the nature and principles of the science, as developed on that occasion. The study of the human frame, the connection of one part of the system with another, and the mutual dependence of each upon all, in order to constitute the perfection of animal life, are matters of deep interest to every reflecting mind, as well as to the student and practitioner of medicine. Dr. Pancoast is well qualified, by talents of a high order, extensive knowledge and much experience in the practice of medicine, to officiate in the anatomical department, and we doubt not that his present course of lectures will be, as usual, well attended.

It is not a little singular, that even in this enlightened age, anatomy has its opponents. The principles of the dark ages have, in some measure at least, so far as regards this branch of science, remained among us, and there are still hundreds and perhaps thousands of persons, in other respects liberal and well informed, who regard anatomical studies, so indispensably necessary to a good physician, with feelings of repulsion. This prejudice against anatomy is, however, gradually wearing off, and we are greatly mistaken if, before many years, particular branches of the science, those relating to comparative anatomy in particular, are not introduced in our schools and seminaries, as essential to a liberal and general education. During the last winter we had the pleasure of attending a course of lectures on anatomy, by Dr. Pancoast, adapted to an audience of both sexes, and having heard the opinion of many ladies who attended, we know that it is in the power of a capable lecturer, to present this subject, by many considered as indelicate and repulsive, in a most attractive, entertaining, and useful aspect. The information to be gained by attending a single course of lectures on anatomy, *may prove of great importance to every member of society.*

It is stated in medical history, that the old Egyptians were so strenously opposed to anatomy, that they pursued with stones those men, who, in embalming the dead, were obliged to cut open their bodies. The ancient Greeks were required by their religion to bury the bodies of the deceased as soon as possible, consequently among them, but little was known of anatomy. The religion of the Arabians likewise interdicted all examinations of dead bodies, and it was not until about the year 300 B. C. as we learn from competent authority, that anatomy was brought to any degree of perfection. About this time the labours of Herophilus and Erasistratus, fully established the importance of the science. Herophilus obtained permission to open living animals, and he made several important discoveries respecting the brain, the functions of the nerves, the blood-vessels, &c. and Erasistratus determined facts, with great distinctness, respecting various parts of the body. Some of the terms applied by Erasistratus, to the structure of the human body, are still in use.

After the decease of these distinguished physicians, anatomy was checked in its *progress for several* centuries, in consequence of the prevalence of a superstitious fear connected with the dissection of human bodies, which did not wholly subside until the 14th century, when Professor Luzzi, of Bologna, publicly dissected two corpses. Luzzi afterwards published a description of the human body, which, for a long time, was the common compendium of anatomy. The dissection of a human body, for years after this period, was regarded as a matter of great consequence, and Mondagnana, who, in the 15th century at Padua, performed fourteen dissections, was regarded as a prodigy in the medical world. Since that period, the course of the science has been continually onward. Its study has engaged the time and talents of many physicians of great learning, whose researches and examinations have fully established, on a correct basis, the principles of the science. Anatomy is well calculated to increase our knowledge of human nature, and it is, without doubt, one of the most interesting studies that can possibly engage our attention.

THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

We regret to learn that at the recent session of the *Synod of Philadelphia, held in the borough of York*, of which the Rev. William M. Engles, was moderator, the Rev. ALBERT BARNES, of this city, was suspended from the exercises of all the functions relating to the ministry. The circumstances of this afflicting event, which has naturally caused a considerable degree of excitement among the members of Mr. Barnes's church, are as follows. It appears that a late meeting of the Presbytery, Mr. Barnes, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Junkin, was charged with having written and published a work entitled "Notes on the Epistles to the Romans," containing doctrines opugnant to the confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church. After a full hearing of the case—of the allegations made by Dr. Junkin, and the defence of Mr. Barnes—he was triumphantly acquitted. An appeal was taken from that decision, and the allegations were renewed before the Synod of Philadelphia, but on account of some recent changes in the jurisdiction of the Synod, the friends of Mr. Barnes denied the right of that body to hear the cause, and Mr. Barnes, under the circumstances, declined to defend himself. The Synod, however, issued the appeal, permitted Mr. Junkin to renew his charges and produce exparte testimony, and finally, by a majority of 111, reversed the decision of Presbytery, and declared the Rev. Mr. Barnes guilty of heresy.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Synod:

1 Resolved, That in view of the proof presented to Synod, and of the whole case, the decision of the second Presbytery of Philadelphia in the case of the charges of the said George Junkin against the said Albert Barnes, be and the same is hereby reversed, as contrary to truth and righteousness: and the appeal declared to be sustained.

2. That some of the errors alleged in the charges to be held by the said Albert Barnes are *fundamental*; and all of them contrary to the standards of the Presbyterian church of the United States; and that they do contravene the system of truth therein taught, and set forth in the word of God.

3. That the said Albert Barnes be and hereby is, *suspended* from the exercise of all the functions proper to the Gospel ministry, until he shall retract the errors hereby condemned, and give satisfactory evidence of repentance.

The vote on the 3d resolution stood, yeas 116, nays 31, non liquets 2, excused 6. Mr. Barnes signified his intention to *appeal from this* decision to the next General Assembly.

Mr. Barnes was formerly pastor of a Presbyterian church in Morristown, N. J. where he was greatly esteemed for his learning and piety, and for some years *past he has had the spiritual charge* of the *First Presbyterian church of this city, located on the corner* of Seventh and Washington streets. His accusor, the Rev. Mr. Junkin, is one of the Professors in the Manual Labour Academy of Easton, Pa. Mr. Barnes is much beloved by his congregation, for his devotion to the cause of religion, and for his uniform upright, conscientious and exemplary conduct as a christian. Immediately after the decision of the Synod, the session of his own church assembled, and passed resolutions expressive of their undiminished confidence in his integrity as a gospel minister. It is probable that an effort will be made by his congregation to induce him to continue his labours as their pastor.

Of the exact nature of the charges brought against Mr. Barnes, we have not been informed. It is known, however, that for some years past, there has been a slight difference of opinion, relating to doctrinal points, among the Presbyterian sect, and our impression is, that the grounds of dissatisfaction against Mr. Barnes, have arisen from his alleged rejection of some of the rigid Calvinistic doctrines of the church, and his adoption of more Arminian views, relating to free agency. It is possible, however, that in this point we may be mistaken. It will undoubtedly be a great cause of regret with many of our citizens, should Mr. Barnes be prevented from continuing his services in the pulpit, in discharging which he invariably displays talents, learning and zeal, of no ordinary character.

The citizens of Baltimore gave a complimentary benefit to Mrs. Willis, on Wednesday evening last, at the Front street Theatre.

Dreadful Accident.—The Woodbury Herald of Wednesday records a most distressing accident. It seems that two lads, one of them a son of Mr. Jacob Justice of Newsbourghland been out gunning, and immediately before they returned home to the house, one of the guns was discharged, but only one. A daughter of Mr. Justice, aged about fifteen years, named Elizabeth was sitting on the floor sewing, when her brother, some two or three years younger, seized hold of the, and levelled the supposed unloaded gun at her, saying, 'Liz, I'll shoot you.' She replied that she did not fear his gun, as she had heard him discharge it. He pulled the fatal trigger, and lodged the whole charge in her breast and lungs. She lingered in great agony a few hours, and died.

The Philadelphia Sacred Music Society, gave their first concert of the season, on Thursday evening, in the saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. A very large and highly respectable audience was present. The performances comprised selections from the works of Auber, Kuffer, Handel, Dr. Clark, M. P. King, Haydn, Beethoven and others, and consisted of a pleasing variety of solos, trios and choruses. The orchestra contained nearly one hundred performers, and both the vocal and instrumental departments were effectively sustained. The solo, *the Pilgrim Fathers*, music by Miss Browne, and the poetry by her lamented sister, Mrs. Hemans,—so sung by the vocal leader, Mr. Williams, appeared to give very general satisfaction, as *did also* the solo on the flute, by Mr. Hayward, *who has few equals* in this city, in the skilful management of that delightful instrument. The solos, *Eve's Lamentation*, and *The Lord is my Shepherd*, were also executed with considerable spirit and taste, and all the choruses were remarkably well performed. Of the instrumental portion of the entertainments we were the best pleased with Auber's overture, which comprises, to a considerable extent, many of the most prominent beauties of an instrumental performance.

The leaders and performing members of this association deserve great credit for their zeal and industry in getting up these delightful entertainments, as well adapted to promote the gratification of all liberal and enlightened minds. We are pleased to learn that the society has recently received a very considerable accession of members. So useful an institution cannot fail, in this musical city, to meet with liberal encouragement.

THE REGATTA.

Pursuant to previous arrangements, the long talked of Regatta took place on the Schuylkill, on Thursday last. An immense concourse of citizens, and a very large number of ladies, attracted by the note of preparation, lined the shores of the river, between Fair Mount and Belmont Cottage, to witness the scene, and though the day was raw and chilly, the interest of the race overcome all unpleasant feelings.—*The second class boats, four in number*, named the *Ariel*, the *Nymph*, the *Dolphin* and the *Neptune*, started about half past 11 o'clock, from a flag boat at Fairmount, and rowed to Belmont. The Ariel came in a few yards ahead of the Nymph, and took the first prize; the Nymph received the second.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the first class boats, seven in number, were formed in line. A gun fired by one of the judges was the signal for starting, upon hearing which the respective crews put themselves to work with great zeal and earnestness. The struggle for the lead was most manfully contested, but it was very soon gained by the Cleopatra, and retained during the whole race. The boats passed up the river, rounded a buoy opposite Belmont, and returned to the place of starting—distance five miles. They came in as follows:

1. Cleopatra,	time	28	min.		
2. Falcon,	"	29	"	30	sec.
3. Sylph,	"	34	"		
4. Blue Devil,	"	31	"	30	
5. Metamora,	"	31	"	45	
6. Aurora,	"	31	"	47	
7. Imp,	"	33	"		

But two minutes expired between the arrival of the Cleopatra and the Imp. The prizes contended for were, 1st a beautiful New Boat, 2d a Silver Pitcher, and 3d, a Silver Goblet.

The whole affair which to many of our citizens was an interesting novelty, passed off very pleasantly.

ANOTHER BORDER WAR.—At the last session of the legislature of New Hampshire, a tract of country called the Indian Stream Settlement, on the borders of Canada, between two branches of Connecticut river, the title and jurisdiction of which are claimed by the British authorities, was by law annexed to the jurisdiction of New Hampshire. The Newport Herald publishes a letter, dated Columbia, N. Y. Nov. 4, which states that a conflict had taken place between the sheriff of the county with a party of militia, and the inhabitants of the settlement, who united to resist the service of a civil process on one of their number. In the contest three of the inhabitants were killed, and five wounded, and several of the militia were wounded, some of them mortally. The account is so vague and indefinite, that we are at a loss to know to which country the sheriff and his militia belonged, or to which the people. But in any event, it is to be regretted that this question of boundary has never been settled by the government, instead of being left to be a subject of angry controversy with the ignorant inhabitants.

LEAP YEAR.

The coming year, 1836, will be, what is denominated in the almanacs, bissextile or leap year, containing one day more than ordinary years, by the addition of twenty-four hours to the second month, February. *Leap year is an important year* to all unmarried people, inasmuch as during its continuance, it is the especial prerogative of ladies to make love to the gentlemen, and the especial duty of gentlemen, under very severe penalties, to accept and reciprocate the proffers of love from the other sex. The authority for this regulation is found in an old volume, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimonie," printed in the year 1606, which has lately fallen into the possession of the editor of the *New York Transcript*, and from which the annexed extract is made.

"Albeit, it is nowe become a parte of the Commun Lawe, in regard to the societal relations of life, that as often as every bessextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may due either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefit of Clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a layde, or who dothe in any wise treate her proposal with slight or contumely."

It being important that all our young friends should be made acquainted with this very important rule, now "a parte of the Common Lawe," we have deemed it proper to give them this timely notice that they may prepare and govern themselves accordingly, and avoid the penalty of being denied the "benefit of clergy." It will be a glorious time for bashful young men who are now "sighing like furnace" and making "sonnets to their mistress' eye-brows," and yet dare not reveal their passion.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mademoiselle Celeste will conclude her re-engagement at this house this evening. She has uniformly appeared before crowded houses, and invariably elicited the most enthusiastic applause. Although her performances are usually exhibitions of mechanical skill in dancing, neither requiring nor displaying intellect, or anything to afford intellectual gratification, it cannot be denied that they have been far more popular than any theatrical entertainments we have had this season. The new dramatic romance, called the DEVIL'S DAUGHTER, produced during the past week, is highly effective on the stage, and is well adapted to display Mad. Celeste's peculiar talents. The incidents are of a lively and exciting character, and the new scenes, especially the last, particularly imposing.

Mr. Ball, recently from Europe, will commence an engagement on Monday evening. He performs in genteel comedy, and is said to be one of the best in the line now on the stage. He met with a flattering reception in New York.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—MR. A. ADDOMS is about to go through his range of popular characters, in this house. He is a young man of considerable merit, by many considered the best native tragedian now on our boards, and he appears to devote unremitting attention to his business. During his engagement, a new tragedy, written by a literary gentleman of this city, will be produced, with new scenery, dresses, &c. The tragedy, which is founded on incidents connected with the history of Jack Cade, is spoken of in the highest terms by those who have examined it, and from our knowledge of the abilities of the author, we have no doubt of its triumphant success.

From the New York Gazette.

Our affairs with France having of late occupied much of the attention of the editorial corps, we may be considered almost criminal should we remain silent on this all important subject. We are not, however, induced to advance an opinion on this account, but as speculations to a large amount have been made under, whet we think, a delusion, we feel it a duty to give *our impressions*, formed, as they are, upon good, if not upon the best authority. We believe that the President of the United States has officially informed the French government that he approves of the letter of Mr. Livingston, and that said communication will be satisfactory, and that France will pay to our Government the sum solemnly awarded as an indemnity for spoliations. We have reason also to believe that the above is the opinion of the President. If this should prove not to be the case, however, before the meeting of Congress, the President will in his coming message, recommend such steps as will not only be approved of by Congress, but by the people at large. In conclusion, we have no doubt that before many days we shall learn that France has accepted the explanation of Mr. Livingston, and that the money will be forthwith paid without delay.

O'CONNELL.

The dinner speeches of this "Great Agitator," whatever opinion may be entertained of his character and political principles, are, unquestionably, in the highest degree eloquent and powerful. No one will deny that O'Connell possesses great genius, and that he is admirably adapted to rule the multitude. At Edinburgh, on a recent occasion, he made the following hit at Sir Robert Peel.

"His father, to his glory, was a cotton spinner, and his son, on that account, ought to belong to the order of the people; but instead of that, he put virtue, and integrity, and intelligence, and the confidence of one's neighbors into one scale, and three 1,000*l.* into the other; the good qualities kicked the beam and the 1,000*l.* sunk the scale (cheers.) That is the man who had the presumption to call himself a Reformer at Tamworth, where there was nobody to contradict him (hear, hear.) We have contradicted him. We have contradicted him here, and with the blessings of God we will ring the bell of contradiction in his ears for some time to come. Why do I dwell upon this? It answers my question—what brought you here? To answer Peel of Tamworth (cheers.) You came to oppose Wellington (renewed cheers?) you came to oppose the Tory rogues and rapscals (cheers?) you came to oppose all those who resist the courts of liberal and just policy—to oppose all those who insist on respecting institutions merely because they are ancient. Why, in arts, sciences, literature, manufactures, and commerce, you are every day improving.

"There is no doubt that the British nation is increasing the quantum of useful improvement, in every thing that conduces to human comfort and the accumulation of the wealth of nations. You have brought your machinery almost to think. Why, if any man were to come to me and to say, "Spinning with a distaff is an ancient institution—down with the spinning-jennies, they are a modern innovation—it is rank blasphemy to use them—the old women used to spin very comfortably with the distaff—we must return to the distaff again,"—should I be justified in taking his advice?—What would become of the prosperity of the manufactures of this country, if we were to have no yarn but what was spun from distaffs? I am for the new and improved machinery—I am for the spinning-jennies; the old women with the distaffs are in the House of Lords (great laughter and cheering.) Sir Robert Peel is in favour of the spinning-jennies in manufactures, and yet he comes forward the child and champion of the Oligarchy, and hurrahs for the distaffs in politics (cheer)."

COMMUNICATED.

LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. Rood, in his "Visit to the American Churches," after giving a minute, clear, and impartial account of our schools and colleges, the result of careful investigation, thus continues his remarks on the subject:

"And yet we have been told, in the face of all this evidence, with impudence and pride, that the Americans have no literature, and are not a literary people! Not literary! and yet they have done more for letters than any people ever did in similar circumstances.—Not literary! and yet they have made more extensive grants in favour of universal education, than any other country. Not literary! and yet, not only the common school, but the academy and the college, are travelling over the breadth of the land; and are sometimes found located in the desert, in anticipation of a race that shall be born. Not literary! and yet, in the more settled states, a fourth part of the people are at school: and in the state of New York alone, apart from all private seminaries, there are 9,000 schools—sustained at a yearly expense of $1,126,482! Not literary! and yet there are, in this new country, *fifteen Universities; forty-six Colleges; twenty-one Medical Schools; and twenty-one Theological!* Not literary! and yet they circulate *seven hundred and fifty millions of newspapers a year*; this is *twenty-five to our one*: and all our best books commonly run through more, and larger editions than they do at home.

"They have no literature, indeed! The fact is, they have all the literature that is possible to their age and circumstances: and as the e advance, they will assuredly advance in the more abstruse and abstract sciences, till it shall be a bold thing for any to call themselves their peers. Their fidelity for the past, is their security for the future. Meantime, are not Newton and Locke, Bacon and Shakspeare, as much theirs as they are ours? Would it be wisdom in them, for the reputation of letters, which more than any thing make two great nations, that are one in affinity, one in fact? For my own part, I know of nothing more truly sublime, than to see this people, in the very infancy of their existence, put forth such Herculean energy, for the diffusion of universal knowledge and universal virtue! But prejudice has neither eyes nor ears."

Such sentiments do honour to a candid and liberal-minded Englishman: and being the result of a very careful examination of the subject, will outweigh the remarks of a thousand petulent and superficial Gamaliels and Trollopes.

True American, Extra, }
NEW ORLEANS, October, 29, 1835. }

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

We have been favoured by two gentlemen who left Nacogdoches the Sunday before last, with the following information:

Judge Walker, of Louisana, arrived two weeks ago at Nacogdoches, where he was detained by ill health, from the city of Mexico. He informs us that centralism had been established previously to his leaving.—He had received a letter from Col. Austin, stating that he and others had organized 750 riflemen, and expected that number to be increased in a few days to 1,000.

It was expected at Natchitoches that five of the interior states had declared against centralism;—and it was also reported that Gen. Cos had been recalled.

Judge Walker states that while in Mondova, he was permitted to examine the last legislative proceedings; that he was strongly impressed with the liberal views of that body in relation to the adjustment of the land titles in Texas. Two new commissioners had been appointed by it to expedite titles claimed by the old settlers. When it is taken into consideration, that these acts were passed in presence of an armed body opposed to any thing like liberality, it excites a lively admiration of the conduct of the members.

From the Red River Herald.

TEXAS.

We lay before our readers this week, a mass of *highly important and interesting intelligence from Texas.* The war has already begun. Gonzales has become the Lexington of Texas. The distinguished Don Lorenzo de Zavala (the great Mexican patriot, who had the boldness to denounce the apostacies of Santa Anna,) and Stephen F. Austin, Esq. are in the field, battling against the legions of centralism and despotism.

GONZALES, Oct. 3, 1835.

Your letter of September 27, has been received, and we rejoice to see that volunteers are on their march to our assistance. The rubicon is crossed and it is now of vital importance to Texas that we should be immediately reinforced.

About 12 o'clock on the 20th, the military, about two hundred in number, arrived on the western bank of the Guadaloupe, and attempted the passage of the river, but were repulsed by eighteen men, (the whole force then in the place:) they then encamped on the mound at De Witt's. On the first of October, about 12 o'clock, they took up their march and encamped about seven miles above this place, in a very strong position. Suspecting that their object in this movement was either to wait for a reinforcement from San Antonio, or to cross at the upper crossing, about fifteen miles above, it was determined to attack them before their plans could be carried into execution. Accordingly on the same night, the whole force on foot, amounting to about 160 men, from the Gaudaloupe, Colorado, and Brazos, commanded by Col. J. H. Moore, crossed the river, attacked the enemy about daybreak, and put them to flight without the loss of a single man. Inasmuch as we expect a formidable attack from Matamoreas, should the forces long remain idle, the determination is to attack San Antonio, as soon as we can receive reinforcements, to prevent this country from becoming the battle ground. This committee, therefore, earnestly desire that you would use your influence to send to this place, as soon as possible, as many volunteers as possible. Respectfully yours,

W. M. FISHER, Chairman.
Col. S. F. AUSTIN,
Chairman of committee of Safety.

Information which is relied on, has been received from the interior, that the States of Zicatecas and Guadalaxara have risen and taken up arms in defence of the constitution of 1824, and in support of the federal system; also, that there are insurrections in the State of Tamaulipas, in favor of the same cause; also, that the republican general, Juan Alvarez, has gained a victory over the government troops in the south of Mexico.

To the Editor of the True American.

"DEAR SIR,—I hasten to give you the latest news received from Texas. Enclosed you will herewith receive the "Red River Herald," containing a mass of late and important news from Texas.

"Also the following extract from a letter to a gentleman in this place, dated at

"NACOGDOCHES, Texas, 19th Oct. 1835.

"'We were delighted last night by the arrival of an express from the Brazos, by whom we were informed of the complete success of the Americans at Gohac, (Lahabia:) they had killed a few of the Lancers, (who are the flower of the Mexican army,) and taken the rest prisoners;—seized on the public stores, taken possession of 300 stand of arms and a number of horses.

"'Gen. Cos's troops had departed from that place for Gonzales, and there we hope and believe he will be defeated; as he is completely surrounded by Americans, he will have no chance of retreat.

"'Yours, &c.,

"'P. S. The stores taken by our men were worth $10,000, they had been landed at Copano, and destined for St. Antonio for the use of the Mexican army.—There are now 50 men here from Tenaho, who are just starting for the seat of war, 90 volunteers left here a few days since.'

"Natchitoches, La., 25th Oct. 1835.

"Yours, etc.
"J. CABLE."

Cancer.—A jeweller, who had a bad cancerous pimple on his cheek, having occasion to dissolve some gold in nitro-muriatic acid, rubbed it several times, unconsciously with his impregnated finger, and was surprised to find it speedily change its appearance, and shortly disappear. M. Recamier, suspecting the cause, made several uniformly successful experiments of the same nature; and thus an accident discovered a new caustic for cancerous affections. The proportions he adopts are one ounce of the acid to six grains of chlorulet of pure gold.—*Metropolitan.*

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 6, received from

A. Purdy, Esq.	5 00	R. Saunders, Esq.	1 00
J. H. Rawlings, esq.	5 00	G. G. White, Esq.	5 00
W. O. McClure,	3 00	H. Develin, Esq.	5 00
S. G. Lash,	2 00	B. K. Lyon, Esq.	2 00
Wm. W. Haines,	2 00	Mellesa Potter,	2 00
November 7.		Geo. Boges,	40 50
G. C. Dana, Esq.	5 00	Spratley Williams,	5 00
T. Waddill, Jr. Esq.	3 00	*November 11.*	
H. A. Barrows,	6 00	Elam Jones, Esq.	4 00
C. Comstock,	20 00	Dan'l Small, Esq.	36 00
C. Comstock,	10 00	Henry H. Kinne,	5 00
November 9.		*November 12.*	
G. W. Ellis, Esq.	2 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	2 00
Sam'l Cooper, Esq.	2 00	J. M. King, Esq.	2 00
J. P. King, Esq.	2 00	Abiel Stevens, Jr.	3 00
S. W. Lucas, Esq.	2 00	Henry Wagar,	5 00
Abra Hamor,	1 00	Russell Barber,	2 00
Dr. D. L. Green,	2 00	R. H. Mills,	2 00
November 10.		Jas. Pemberton,	5 00
J. Hart, Esq.	2 00		

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

			per value.
150	shares United States Bank,	110 a 111	100
95	do. Farm. & Mech. Bank,	67 a 67½	50
83	do., Girard Bank,	64 a 64½	50
6	do. Bank of N. America,		
11	do. Mechanic's Bank,	63½	35
3	do. Philadelphia Bank,	109½	100
50	do. Penn Town. Bank,	75	50
960	do. Planters Bank, Tennessee,	55½	50
800	do. Northern Bank, Kentucky,	30½	50
40	do. N. Orleans Canal Bank,	104	100
90	do. Pittsburg Bank,	60	50
500	do. Union Bank Tenn.	64	50
100	do. Louisiana Bank,	107½	100
143	do. Kentucky Bank,	46½	50
50	do. Mech. Bank, Pittsburg,	58	50
50	do. Planters' Bank, Miss.	126	100
64	do. Merch. Bank Baltimore,	99¾	50
269	do. Schuylkill Nav. Co.	139	50
1056	do. New Castle Rail Road,	36¾ 35½	25
730	do. Norristown Rail Road,	53¾ 54	50
2300	do. Del. & Hudson Canal,	102¾ 103	100
23	do. Philadelph a Savings,	45	25
35	do. Spring Garden Fire In. Co.	30	25
5	do. Little Schuyl. R. R.	50	50
100	do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	149	100
2	do. Philadelphia Gas Stock,	105½	100
$10,000	City, 5 per cent.	1858 109	100
$1600	do. do.	1862 110 a 110½	100
$8900	do. do.	1862 110	100
$2100	State, 5 per cents,	1858 105½	100
$300	do. do.	1853 106½	100
$1000	Lehigh Loan,	1838 101½	100

United States and Mexico—The New York Daily Advertiser says:—If we countenance interference between the District or State of Texas the Government of Mexico, (or intergral part thereof) will not the same "Cup" be presented to us in the event hereafter, (and may it never occur) when a State or States, differing with the rest of the United States may ask foreign interference? Let us not establish an unsafe precedent. We have no ill will to Texas, but let us look to the United States.

Chesnut Street Theatre.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION!!!

Celeste's Farewell Benefit & Last Appearance!

Saturday Evening, November 14th, 1835,

Will be presented an entire New and Origi al American National Drama, partly founded on an Historical Anecdote, and partly on the concluding events of the Revolution, entitl d

VICTOIRE; Or, a Tale of the American Camp!

Written by Mad. Celeste, and respectfully dedicated to the American People.

Victoire—La Vivandiere, } MADEMOISELLE
Pierre—A Drummer Boy, } CELESTE.

In the course of the evening a variety of DANCES by MAD. CELESTE, and a Farewell Address will be spoken by her.

To conclude with the Splendid Drama of

THE SPIRIT BRIDE!!!

AMERICAN THEATRE, WALNUT STREET.

Saturday Evening, November 14th, 1835,

Will be presented, 1st time, the New and deeply interesting Drama of the

SPANISH PIRATES!

Written expressly for this Theatre, by H. J. Conway.

With a variety of

*O

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

REMEMBER ME, LOVE.

By the late Mrs. Ann Ray, of Mathews County, Va.

When afar thou art roaming, love,
In sunny climes where maidens' eyes
Beam bright as their own glowing skies—
Where lofty domes and scented bowers
Gleam with golden orange flowers:
And many a column and fallen lane
Tell of Italia's buried fame:
Oh! then remember me, love!

When woo'd by the proud and gay, love,
And marbled smiles and voices sweet,
As angel's lutes united meet
Thy eager ear, thy raptured glance,
As they pass thee by in the joyous dance,
Ah, pause and think of the *lonely* one,
Whose bosom throbs for *thee* alone:
Oh! then remember me, love!

Fame's glittering wreath allures thee, love;
Ah, when thou bindest it round thy brow,
And heartless crowds around thee bow,
When stern ambition's meed is won,
Ah, think of her who urged thee on
To climb the proudest height of fame,
And carve thyself a deathless name:
Oh! then remember me, love!

And should grief or death assail me, love,
While thou art o'er the dark blue wave,
And cannot rest to soothe or save,
My latest sigh shall be breathed for thee,
On my fading lips thy name shall be,
And my dying words shall be a prayer
To heaven that thou mayest love me there:
Oh! then remember me, love!

An action has been brought in the Court of Common Pleas by Rev. Mr. Birch, Rector of St. John's Hackney, against Rev. Noale, his Curate, for *crim con.* The case was clearly proved, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff, damages £200. The damages were laid at £5,000.

'Personal Narrative' of a Voyage to Madras.—A story is told of a gentleman who, having been on business to the East Indies, and returned, gave the whole sum and substance of his travels in these words: "I put my head out of port hole of the ship one day, and, my eyes! how she did whiz!"

Curran versus M'Nally.

M. Sir, the crown business I do.
C. Yes, and the half-crown business too.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

Quick you catch him, fast you hold him.

MARRIED,—In Plymouth, Massachusetts Jail, on the 12th ult. Mr. Henry J. Stevenson to Miss Cynthia K. Blanc.

The bride was so choice of the bridegroom, that she had him deposited in Plymouth Jail for safe keeping till the ceremony of publishing was gone through with, when she went and had the knot tied.

For more matrimonial annoyances, read next week's Review.

Pity the sorrows of these poor young men,
Whose aching hearts have lur'd them to get married;
Whose days of bliss now dwindled to a span,
Cause them to exclaim *'twere better we had tarried.*

CORN.—What medicine bespeaks in its name its fitness for dogs? Bark. Like what is a speech against money? Antimony. What is like a cutting reply? The Retort. What two articles would a bodman be most likely to carry out from a chemist's shop? Mortar and Pinster. What medicine are we reminded of by a man's beating his wife? Elixir. (He licks her.) What does a negro take when he is hung? Black Drop.

"Do you want to buy a rale prime lot of butter?" said a Yankee notion dealer, who had picked up a lot from fifty different places, to a Boston merchant.—"What kind of butter is it?" said the merchant, "The clear quill; all made by my wife, from a dairy of forty cows; only two churnings." "But what makes it of so many different colors?" said the buyer. "Darnation, bear that now. I guess you wouldn't ax that question if you'd seen my cows, for they are a darned sight speckleder than the butter is."

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—"What do you wish to get in your two bottles?" said a grocer to a little boy as he entered the store. "Mother wants to get a cent's worth of your best yeast." Which bottle will you have it in?" "I'll have it in both; and will you please to put a cork in 'em. Cant you send it home? 'cause I'm going another way?"—"Well, where's your cent?" "Mother says you *must charge it.*"

Anecdote of a Turtle.—A British officer, on board of a ship which touched at the island of Ascension on her way to England, informed me that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one which from some accident had only three fins. The sailors on board called it "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in the usual way; by having certain initials and numbers cut over it, which under shell with a hot iron, which her burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage, many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of Lord Nelson, and it was so near death when the ship arrived in the British Channel, that the sailors threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement places the fact beyond doubt, and affords a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish.—*English Paper.*

THE WALTZ.

As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in jestic lore, are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes a lady by the waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman around the neck, with one arm resting on his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about,—"About what, sir?" About the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step, and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not make all their heads swimming like a top: but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumvolution, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative positions,—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, cautiously flings his arm around the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm, as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with the most ingenious longwishment, to the great delight of the numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of mazons fighting, or a couple of mastiffs. After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with eyes upraised in the most bewitching langor, petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without the least hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwined in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, madam—close and closer they approach each other, and in conclusion the parties being overcome with extreme fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then——" Well sir—what then?" Lord! madam, how should I know.—*Washington Irving.*

Fatal Results of Frightening a Child.

Extract from Colley Cibber's Life.

We have often remarked the incapacity of exciting the fears of children, for the purpose of more easily managing them. But, never since we appointed before the public, have we heard of any thing so truly horrible as the following. The subject being too delicate to allow of the mentioning of names, we shall avoid such an exposure, but, at the same time, we pledge ourselves for the correctness of the narrative.

Some time ago, a lady in a certain town of York shire, went out for a neighbour's house, to take tea, along with her husband, and left her little family to the care of her servants. In the course of the evening, she felt very uneasy, and being impressed with an idea that all was not right at home, she left her friend's house early. On arriving at home she found that her servants, in the exercise of high life below stairs, had collected a social party. The she passed over, without observation, and proceeding up stairs to the nursery, she was surprised by a terrific figure at the bottom of the bed at the youngest child, which was but three years of age. The fact was, that the nurse-maid finding the child not very ready to go to rest, and being loath to be disturbed in her evening's enjoyments by its crying, had dress d up and placed the figure alluded to at the bottom of the infant's bed, with a view of frightening it to sleep. The contrary effect, however, had been produced—the child had been terror struck, and appealed to its mother with its eyes fixed, in an idiot stare, upon the image.

Astonished and flustered, she rung the bell, and then proceeded to take up the infant—but lo! it was a lifeless corpse; the fright occasioned by the nurse's folly, had been too much for the poor little innocent. In the extreme of fear, the pulse had ceased to beat—the vital spark had fled, and the mother was left to mourn in unfeeble anguish, the credulity which induced her to trust to such a servant, and the perfidy of the unprincipled nurse in whom she had confided. To add sorrows of the parents is impossible. In a melancholy story, but it is not more strange than true; and we give it with no other view than to place parents upon their guard with respect to those to whom they may entrust the care of their innocent and helpless offspring.

From Irving's Conquest of Florida.

Magnanimity of a Cacique, and the consequence of rashness:

1539. After the Governor, Hernando de Soto, had despatched Gallegos on his exploring expedition, he received intelligence that the Cacique Hirrihigua was concealed in a forest at no great distance from the camp. He was about to send a captain with an armed force in quest of him, when the enterprise was claimed by the Lieutenant General, Vasco Porcallo de Figueroa. This brave old cavalier had a passion for military exploit, and was withal, a little sanguinary. He thought this a fitting opportunity to signalize himself, and insisted upon having the honour of capturing this fugitive, yet formidable Cacique. The enterprise being granted to him, he prepared for it in his usual style; for he was fond of parade, and generous in all his appointments. Having selected a band of horsemen and foot soldiers, he put himself at their head and sallied forth from the camp, well mounted, and cased in glittering armour, resuming that he would bring home Hirrihigua either a prisoner or a friend.

He had not proceeded far, however, when he was met by an Indian messenger, sent by Hirrihigua, who had received intelligence by his spies of the armed force, marching in quest of him. The messenger entreated Vasco Porcallo on the part of Hirrihigua, not to proceed any farther, as the Cacique was in so secure a fortress that, with all his exertions, he could not get to him; whereas he and his troops would be exposed to infinite perils from the rivers, morasses and tangled forests, which he would have to pass.—The Cacique added, that he gave this advice, not through any fear for himself, but in consequence of the forbearance manifested by the Spaniards, in not injuring his territory, or his subjects.

Vasco Porcallo listened to the messenger with incredulity; persuading himself that fear, not gratitude, nor courtesy dictated the message; so he ordered the trumpet to sound, and marched on. As he advanced, messenger after messenger encountered him, all repeating the warning to return, and they a length became so frequent as almost to overtake each other.—The more, however, he was warned to return, the more obstinately did the stout hearted, and hot headed cavalier persist in advancing; taking every thing by contrary, and judging of the pause of the Cacique, by the frequency of his messages. His only fear was that the prize might take to flight, and escape him.—He spurred on hotly, therefore, with his troops, until they arrived at a vast and dismal morass.

Here his men perceived the truth of the warnings they had received, and began to remonstrate about the difficulty and danger of attempting this morass.—Vasco Porcallo, however, had put himself too much on his mettle in this enterprise, to be easily daunted. He insisted upon their entering; but, being an old soldier, he knew the exact time of difficulty of setting an example; so, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed forward, and his men followed him pell mell into the morass. Vasco Porcallo had not proceeded far, however, when, coming to a deep miry place, his horse floundered and fell.—The peril of the Lieutenant General was imminent; the horse had fallen upon one of his legs so as to pin him down, while the weight of his armour contributed to sink him in the mire. Both horse and rider were in danger of suffocation, not could any one come to their aid: being in a perfect quagmire, where all who entered would be exposed to like peril.

At length, with infinite difficulty, the worthy cavalier extricated himself and his steed from this dismal bog, and landed once more on firm ground, covered with mud and mire. All his vainglory was at an end, he was out of humour with himself, and felt mortified in the sight of his soldiers. The savage whom he had come to fight and capture, instead of encountering him with deadly weapons, had conquered him by courteous and friendly messages, and his vainglorious enterprise had ended in a struggle in a quagmire.

Ordering his men to face about, he set out on his return for the camp, in far different mood from that in which he had sallied forth. Amidst the mortifications of his present plight, he called to mind the pleasant and comfortable home he had left behind, at Cuba, and the easy and luxurious life he had led there.—He reflected that he was no longer a boy; that the vigour of his days was past; that his present disaster was but a slight foretaste of the toils and troubles that must attend this conquering expedition; that he was not obliged to encounter them, but had better return to his home, and leave conquest of Florida for the young hot heads who were embarked in it.

SOCRATES AND XANTIPPE.

Strange and unaccountable is it that these two names, each in itself a proverb, each an antithesis to the other, should, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, have come down to the present time under auspices as different as were the characters of the individuals whom they once served to designate! How comes it that Socrates should still be held forth as an example to men, of virtue, to husbands, of forbearance, while his unfortunate lady serves but as a current bye-word for every thing violent in women, carping and domineering in wives? May not a suspicion be entertained, that too easy a credence has been given alike to the virtues of the philosopher, and the failings of his consort? To remove the prejudice which time has strengthened in favour of the one and its disparagement of the other, appears a hopeless attempt. But some advantages may be derived from contemplating the life of this extraordinary couple, from whose history we learn, that rash and impolite marriages were not unknown before the Christian era; as an abstract matrimonial speculation, and from its antiquity we may consider it such, this question of respective merit and demerit between Socrates and Xantippe may prove of considerable importance.

History has not left us in doubt as to the philosopher's personal appearance. He was an ugly little man, with a Calmuck nose, twinkling grey eyes, and a bad expression of countenance. Of his own deformities he was aware, and, in his professional capacity of philosopher, affected to derive considerable amusement from his want of external beauty.

Nothing, we believe, is recorded of Xantippe on this score; but there can be little doubt that if a painter, even one whose name delights in the alliz of R. A. were desired to sketch a fancy portrait of her, he would invest her with about as many charms as would barely suffice to redeem a Gorgon from her native loathsomeness; nor is it highly improbable that the critics who frequent the picture galleries would declare his performance to be, to the best of their judgment, a faithful and accurate likeness of the illustrious prototype. And yet how widely would both he and they wander from the truth! Before her marriage, there can be no doubt that Xantippe's face and person were eminently lovely; in the absence of all proof to the contrary, we may even conclude that she was, if not the belle, at least one of the leading belles of Athens; for her husband yielded to man in ugliness, and when do we see men of his physiognomical stamp marry any but the prettiest women? Her temper was warm and generous, her disposition lively, and her manners gay and playful. In raillery she was an adept, a thorough mistress of repartee, and brilliantly successful in her sallies of polished irony and delicate sarcasm. Such was the woman whom her unkind destiny united to an ugly philosopher of a rectified temper.

Socrates despised the world's opinion and derided its fashions; Xantippe, true to the genius of her sex, was fully impressed with the importance of both. Therefore the husband dressed and behaved like a sloven, while the wife exerted all her energies, and plied all her arts, to subject him to the wholesome and beautifying dominion of the graces. Reasoning from the present to the past, and taking for granted the immutability of female characteristics, we are fully justified in saying that she was the mode of conduct which the well-meaning Xantippe adopted. How are we to suppose that the philosopher received his wife's cunning-sid admonitions? After listening to her observations, he would argue with her upon the ground of her complaints in that close examination style of his which the Socratic Boswells record as having been peculiarly grateful to the spirit of the *ci devant* matrony, and which was certainly enough to drive any but a marble lady into strong hysterics. Perhaps, however, he was not even so ambiguously courteous as this, but merely laughed at her importunity, and went about the town as goodly a figure as ever. Is it to be thought that a woman of refined taste and high spirit, such as was Xantippe, could tamely submit to this contemptuous and philosophic treatment?

We are informed that Socrates did not receive a single penny with his bride. The graces of her mind and body formed the sum total of her marriage-portion. How much light is thrown upon the history of her single state by this little circumstance! Her beauty and accomplishments, added to her wit and vivacity, must, without doubt, have captivated many admirers. Among them there was probably a favoured one, with whom she exchanged vows of endless love and fidelity. But Athenian lovers *then* were no better than their modern representatives in all civilized countries. Xantippe's swain we may imagine to have been a mercenary dog, whom Plutus seduced from his allegiance to Cupid under the disguise of an heiress. In a moment of pique and disappointment, the heavy young lady, our heroine, gave an affirmative answer to the most important question which could possibly have been put to her by an ugly little philosopher, with a Calmuck nose, and twinkling grey eyes.

It may be objected that all this is a mere hypothesis, but it is one which derives no but certainly from its evident probability. Let us however suppose that the match originated, on the lady's side, in a laudable desire of obtaining an establishment of her own; on the gentleman's in an involuntary submission to charms against whose influence philosophy was unable to defend him. Much were the case, and indeed was one in nine's bet. The philosopher was troubled with a moral weakness which as a single man he might have honoured *ad libitum*, without inflicting injury upon any one but himself. He despised money. Having, however, once married, he was not likely to consolate his wife's allegations by the adjuncts of short commons, nor to preserve them throughout the wisdom of a manger and of unpainted household. Xantippe was a shrewd woman, and saw very clearly that, with all his philosophy, her husband was a great fool. He had talents, she knew, capable of providing the golden source and means of respectability. Why then not exert them for this wise and legitimate purpose? Or what use was his Daemon, or less it would pay its butcher's and his baker's bills? Most eloquently and most forcibly would she remonstrate with him, upon the folly of his wasting his instructive breath without receiving a *quid pro quo*, and of giving *gratis* lectures to all the young bloods of Athens. But Socrates was a perfect philosopher, and cared little how domestic matters prosper d, provided he were left at liberty to lounge with his idle companions through the groves of Academus, or to ruminate upon abstract questions in the Lyceum.

Unhappy Xantippe! How often did she curse the day when her husband resigned the employment of a statuary, and commenced the profession of a philosopher. In the bitterness of her unmerited downfallenness, can we be surprised that she should at times assail her husband in terms of keen invective, not unfrequently of undisguised abuse? And when her partner, the man of a rectified temper, listened to her patiently, and answered her with nothing but the irritating smile of resignation, was it an unpardonable offence if she seized the first domestic utensil which came to hand, and did her best to break the little philosopher's head with it? Not a word is said, not a suggestion murmured against the purity of Xantippe's virtue, and yet has her memory been outraged by more abuse than would have sufficed for the most incorrect lady among her contemporaries. And all this happened merely because she had the bad fortune to marry a philosopher who would not allow her even the luxury of contradiction. With any other man less wise than to neglect worldly comforts, and despise the charms of wealth, more human too than to preserve a constant mastery over his temper, she might, and would probably, have enjoyed a tolerable share of happiness. At any rate she would, so far as we can conjecture, have escaped the unmerited notoriety to which she has been condemned by prejudiced biographers and an undiscerning posterity.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE BOOBY.

A Water Fowl, found on the coast of New South Wales.—By Capt. Dampier.

The Booby is a water fowl, somewhat less than a hen, of a light greyish color. It has flat feet, like those of a duck; and a strong bill, bigger and bigger than a crow's, and hooked at the end. It is a very simple creature and will hardly go out of a man's way. They do not live promiscuously one among another, but each sorts within their own precincts, where they are so settled, and so tame, that a man cannot pass through their quarters without coming within reach of their bills; with which they continually pecked at us. I took notice that they set in pairs, and therefore, at first, thought them to be such and had put on striking at them, one flew away from each place, and the which would set behind seemed as malicious as the other that was gone. I admired the boldness of those who did not fly away, and used some violence to force them, but in vain; for, indeed, in so were young ones, who had not yet learned the use of their wings, though they were as big and as well feather as their dams; only their feathers were something whiter and fresher. I took notice that an old one, either the cock or hen, always sat with the young, to protect them: for otherwise their neighbours, the men-of-war-birds, who are very numerous on this coast, would attack them, and the strong prey on the weak. These birds also left guardians with their young when they went off to sea, lest they should be starved by their negligence: for there were a great many old and lame man-of-war-birds, that could not fly to sea to suck their own food. These did not inhabit amongst their consorts, but were either expelled the community, or else chose to lie at some distance from the sea; and that not all altogether, but scattering here and there, where they could pick up crabs. Low near twenty of them thus secluded, which would sometimes rally into the neighboring camp to seek for booty; but soon retreated again, whether they got any thing or nothing. If one of these same lads found a young booby, not guarded, it presently gave him a good blow on the neck with its bill, to make him disgorge, which the boobies will do with one stroke, and, it may be, cast up a fish as big as a man's wrist. This the other swallows in a trice; and marches off to look for another prize. The sound men-of-war will sometimes serve the old boobies so, off at sea. I have seen a man-of-war fly directly at a booby, and give it one blow, which has caused it to cast up a large fish, and the man-of-war flying directly down after it, has taken it up in the air before it reached the water! The origin and significancy of the name given by our seamen to these birds, appears sufficiently plain from this account of them; and conveys no inapt allusion to the contrast presented in human life, between the ingenious and the stupid—the bold and the timorous—the simple and the designing.

Cinnamon Fields of Ceylan.—" *August* 31.—Our morning was, as usual on a first arrival, taken up by visits; in the afternoon we drove in Sir E. Barnes's coachie through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which covered upwards of 17,000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows in a wild state to the height of a large apple tree, but when cultivated is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told the flower is white, and appears when in full blossom to cover the garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover new scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or twig you perceive the spicy odour very strongly, but I was much surprised to hear that the flower had little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is of course preserved with great care; by the old Dutch law, the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present a fine expains the same offence. The neighborhood of Colombo is particularly favorable to its growth, being well sheltered, with a high, equable temperature; and as showers fall frequently, though a whole day's heavy rain is uncommon, the ground is never parched." —*Bishop Heber.*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

ANTHRACITE ASHES.—The burning of anthracite coal is becoming so general in this community, that it has been heretofore a matter of great regret that the vast quantity of ashes produced by the burning of this coal could not be converted to any useful purpose.—We are happy to believe that the prevailing impression has been entirely erroneous, and that these ashes do contain properties highly valuable to the agriculturist as a manure on dry land.

A gentleman informs us that he has tried the experiment on a small scale in his garden the present season, and the result thus far is very flattering. He tried it in the cultivation of peas. The peas manured with these ashes produced much more abundantly, and at least a week earlier than the same kind of peas planted at the same time with common manure. He also planted potatoes equally enriched with common manure and upon a portion of them he put anthracite ashes, and the last named looked much better and more prosperous than those where no ashes were put. A farmer in the north part of this town took a load and spread it upon a high hill, and he says that the spot where it was spread is very apparent at a considerable distance, from the darker green of the grass and the greater lurthen. The certainly is a very important matter, and we hope the experiment will be fairly tried and the results extensively made known. —*Plymouth Memorial.*

Care of Animals.—Good farmers will take care of their early lambs. Ewes from which lambs are soon expected should be housed if possible, and well fed.—There is little danger of losing a lamb after it reaches the age of *four days*; if the dam affords plenty of milk, it will bear cold and exposure nearly as well as the mother. Early lambs afford the greatest profit in market; not only so, but early lambs make the strongest and largest and most profitable sheep. Nearly the same may be said of cows and early calves, as to housing, feeding, &c. and sheep. The writers in the New-England Farmer and other papers devoted to agricultural subjects, often repeat it as a truism that the introduction of foreign breeds of cattle and sheep among careless, improvident farmers, is useless. The old American breeds can be starved as cheaply as foreign breeds, besides, they do not cost so much in the first instance, and of course the heedless farmer can make experiments on them at a cheaper rate. The writers highly appreciate the attempts to improve the breeds of cattle; but contend that a large share of our farmers need improvement in their habits of taking care of cattle, before our flocks generally will exhibit any thing very promising.—*Columbian Register.*

How to Boil Potatoes.—Seldom do we see potatoes well cooked, and still seldomer do we see them cooked without waste. By the following directions, both ends will be obtained. Choose your potatoes of equal size, and put them into a saucepan, or pot without a lid, with no more water than is sufficient to cover them. By being boiled in a vessel without a lid, they do not crack, and all waste is prevented. After the water is come near to boil, pour it off and replace the hot by cold water, into which throw a good portion of salt. The cold water sends the heat from the surface to the heart of the potatoe, and makes it mealy. Like all other vegetables, they are improved by being boiled with fat, which should not be spared. The only proper use of their being there enough, is to try them with a fork. After draining the water, they should be allowed to stand 10 or 15 minutes on or near the fire to dry.

Wet'n'ss Gravel Walks and Blight in Fruit.—Fresh oak saw dust, says a London paper, or sawed on gravel walks, will prevent the growth of weeds on the same. The if not other, propagated in hot houses, will prevent blight in fruit, grapes.—*Bost. Reg.*

To preserve Cucumbers and other Vines from Bugs and Flies.—Simply sift soot from the chimney upon them when the dew is on, once in three or four mornings. The remedy has stood the test of experiment for several years in succession.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

CULTURE OF SILK.

From the result of several years experience, I venture to assert that the culture of silk is one of the most lucrative branches of *agriculture*, and is very light and pleasant employment. Nearly all the labor of feeding and tending the worms may be performed by small children, thus are useless at most other employments. The reeling, twisting, cobbing, and manufacturing sewing silk is a simple process, and as easily performed as wood or flax. This may be demonstrated by the small specimen I send you which was wrought upon a common reel and wheel by one who had not the advantage of experience, and who had never even seen a cocoon before. One hundred pounds of leaves will produce one pound of sewing silk, and a child from nine to twelve years of age, will gather seventy-five pounds of leaves in a day, (which is called a day's work for a child in Connecticut.) At the rate, the same child will feed as many worms will produce twenty-seven pounds of reeled silk in six weeks, worth from four to seven dollars per pound, the process being regulated by the good or bad reeling. The feeding of this quantity will occupy the attention of a woman three weeks, and will be produced from a half acre of land. According to these calculations (which I think is not exaggerated,) two children from nine to twelve years old, in six weeks, will rise women in three weeks, from an acre of land, will make fifty-four pounds of reeled silk, worth, say five dollars per pound, which amounts to two hundred and seventy dollars. I presume that by planting one half with the Italian mulberry, more may be made annually from them, by feeding silk worms with the leaves, than can be made by the usual mode of farming on a plantation of one hundred acres. We have long been in the habit of sending vast amounts to the Indies (and Europe,) to purchase silk, and at the same time of sending the widows and orphans of our country, who are left in pecuniary embarrassments, to alms houses. I think every man who feels an interest in the prosperity of this country, should lend his assistance to put a stop to such proceedings, and thus contribute his mite to a great national good. I would, therefore, advise with humble deference, that every farmer sow one peck, which may be planted by walls, on side hills, and by the side of high-ways and by-ways, in lands too stony to till, or too hangy to produce;—they should occupy the places of useless shrubs and forest trees of little value, of many shade trees, as Lombardy and other poplars, paper mulberry, &c., the Italian mulberry being more ornamental than any of them, of speedy growth, and very luxurious of life. I have shown that the business may be attended to by women and children; consequently upwards of twelve millions of dollars may be saved in this country annually, without diminishing in value our other products. The time of feeding worms is from the 10th of May, until about the 20th of June, a season of the year when a farm is not much need, as of by tool, the worms are found to produce as much silk and as good in a farm as in a Laboratory scientifically constructed. Many of the worms in New England are attacked in barns, without the trouble of Thermometers or Barometers.

The Italian mulberry is of very speedy growth, and may be propagated so speedily that the manufacture of silk in this country may be commenced much sooner than has been anticipated. The genius and enterprise of our citizens is equal to the task of manufacturing silk superior to the imported; whenever in operation their zeal and activity will enable them to compete with the world in the culture. I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a country on the globe having soil and climate so well adapted to the growth of the Italian mulberry, and convolution of the silk worm, as the United States. The tenacity of life is indeed wonderful in those trees. I transplanted more than 8000 between the 4th and 28th of June last, and although so very late in the season, I think not 100 died. The tree is perfectly hardy, also in regard to heat and cold; among upwards of 200,000 seedling plants, I have not discovered one that has been injured by severe frosts of the past winter, while nearly all my other trees have been more or less injured thereby. The Chinese morus multicaulis as well as many native trees are entirely killed.

What a proud day will that be for Pennsylvania, when her daughters will appear in silk of her own manufacture. I presume that day is not far distant.—*Penn. Reporter.*

ELISHA PHIPPS.

REELING SILK.

Having produced a stock of cocoons, the culturist may either dispose of them to the manufacturer or reel them as his pleasure or convenience may dictate. He will however, secure an additional profit by reeling them provided he does it with skill. The quality of silk depends, almost entirely, on the manner in which it is reeled and otherwise prepared for the use of the manufacturer, and this again depends entirely upon skill, experience and care. The value and consequently the price of silk, from the same lot of cocoons, may be doubled and tripled by the manner in which it is reeled, and hence the necessity of paying great attention to this delicate operation. Though, to a person wholly unacquainted with the art, it may seem a difficult operation, yet it ought not to be a matter of discouragement, as attention, patience, and perseverance will soon overcome it. Formerly it was supposed that silk could not be reeled in this country, but experiment has already established the fact, that we can make filatures which will not suffer in comparison with those of Europe or India.

As the reeling is the most difficult part of the process and requires much practice and instruction to become adepts in the art, we shall at this time, give it only as its outlines, leaving it to be given more in detail hereafter, as much shall present itself. Before, however proceeding to give general directions on this subject it is proper to state that reeling may be done at any season, but best in dry weather and that the softest water should also be chosen for soaking the cocoons.

The cocoons are to be put into a basin or some other vessel of water, placed over a moderate fire in a small furnace, raised to near a boiling heat. The precise degree of temperature cannot be determined until the reeling is begun, as different compositions of silk require different degrees of heat in reeling. If on trial the water is found too hot or too cold, it may be varied by increasing the fire or adding cold water. If the water is too hot they fume out in unwinding. A little experience on this point will enable the reeler to keep the water at the proper temperature. The reeling is then effected by the use of a reel made expressly for the purpose. Several silk reels have been invented and many of them perform their work admirably well. Among them we notice those of Mr. Cobb of Dedham, Mr. Smith of Baltimore and Mr. Gay of Lisbon. The Piedmontese reel has also been extensively used, and for a time, was considered the best in use. It has however, of late years given place to those of the above mentioned gentlemen, which in some respects are considered superior to it. The silk reel requires no complicated machinery and is constructed at comparatively a trifling expense.

The reel invented by Mr. Cobb, has been proved by long use, to answer the most sanguine expectations of the inventor. The reeler having placed her basin of water on the furnace and provided herself with a small whisk of broom corn, or sharp twigs, she throws in a handful of cocoons and presses them under the water for two or three minutes, in order to soften the gum of the silk, and thereby loosen the ends of the filaments. She then stirs the cocoons with the end of the whisk as lightly as possible, until one or more of the fibres adhere to it. She then lays aside the whisk and draws the fibre towards her until it comes off clean from the floss and the fine silk begins to appear. She then breaks off the thread, and collecting the floss first taken off, puts it aside. She then applies the whisk again to get hold of the fine fibres. This operation is repeated until a sufficient number are collected to form a thread of the intended size. She then unites the fibres, and passing the thread through the guides attaches it to one of the arms of the reel.—Another thread is in like manner to be prepared and passed through the other guides, and attached to the reel when two skeins are intended to be wound.

Both threads being fastened to the reel it is turned with a regular but slow motion and the threads are found to run freely, when it may be more rapidly turned. If it happens, as it often will, that some of the ends which compose the thread are false, new ones must be added, to supply their deficiency or the thread will be uneven and of little value if not entirely worthless. This will also show the utility of putting in a few more cocoons than is intended to continue, as they will soon be reduced to the competent number. Crossing the threads is also recommended, though they are sometimes reeled uncrossed. If the cocoons are drawn up to the guides on the thread, the motion of the reel must be slackened and they must be stroked down with the thumb and finger. During the reeling the reeler must constantly add new fibres to each thread as fast as she can find the ends. In order for this, the basin must be occasionally replenished with cocoons and care taken that they be wholly immersed in the water that they may be equally soaked. As fast as the cocoons are wound off, and such as wind only in part, they must be taken out of the water, otherwise they will injure the color and lustre of the silk. The water must also be changed as soon as it becomes discolored.

As the subject of reeling silk is one of vast importance to the culturist, it has been our intention to give a more cursory view of it in this number, and in our future ones to take it up in all its various parts. In doing this we shall avail ourselves of the skill and experiments of practical men who have gone before us, and also such improvements and discoveries as may be in progress. Much, after all, depends upon personal instruction, and as the Connecticut Silk Manufacturing Company are under obligations to impart such instruction to one person annually, to be named by each County Society in the State, we recommend to such Societies as are formed, and such as we hope may be formed, to avail themselves of the benefit to which they are entitled from this company. Persons so instructed can easily instruct others and the necessary information on the subject will thereby be universally diffused.—*Hartford Silk Culturist.*

FEVER & AGUE
Cured by the Genuine
ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE

THE success with which Rowand's Tonic Mixture has been sought for, from the first moment of its introduction to the general use of the community, affords the most unequivocal assurance of its surpassing excellence and importance. It is now regarded by those who have had an opportunity to decide upon its merits, as the most safe and sure remedy for the cure of Fever and Ague, and an invaluable preventive of the chills, fever, and other diseases of a malignant character, which are the local prognosis of the healthiness of many portions of our country. In proof of which, the proprietor can refer to numerous cases of the most obstinate character, which have resisted the combined powers of the Materia Medica, and which have been cured by a few doses of this Mixture. Indeed, so confident is he of its superiority over all other remedies for the above complaints, that he will refund the money to any person who may have used it according to the directions, and not found it to answer the recommendation.

The following is a copy of a letter received from one of the most respectable citizens of Middletown, Del. and is only one of the many testimonials of the kind in the proprietor's possession, which he submits with confidence to the public, relative to the speedy and invariable results which have attended its application in cases of Intermittent.

The dose for adults is a wine glass full, to be well shaken before using, and taken fasting, or two hours after eating. Children in proportion to their age. Directions for using will accompany each bottle, so that it may be taken by persons residing at a distance, without the aid of a physician.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by M. E. Howell, at No. 63 North 8th, the second door above Cherry street, Philadelphia.

All orders from a distance, post paid, accompanied with the cash, and directed to the proprietor, will be thankfully received and attended to with despatch.

Also sold by the following Druggists: G. W. Chambers, N. W. corner of Fourth and Callowhill streets; and G. Gordon, No. 11 South Seventh street.

In future Dr. Abraham Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment will be prepared only by M. E. Howell, widow of the late Dr. Abraham Howell, 63 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

CAUTION.—As the consequences of several spurious nostrums being palmed on the public as Dr. Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment, the proprietor considers it necessary to inform the afflicted, that the name of Dr. Abraham Howell will be labelled on the outside wrapper of each box, and the name engraved on the steel plate, which he will put to every bottle and Recipe as the most effectual means to prevent counterfeits.

Warranted to be of superior materials and workmanship.

Price 25 cents per box.—6mos*

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the late Benjamin Rex, S. E. corner of Sixth and Laurel streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every article warranted to give satisfaction. The second story of the establishment, and the public generally, is invited to call and examine the assortment.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 258 Market street, will be continued. oct 17—3t

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his Fish and Provision Store to the stall formerly occupied by Mr. Hall, No. 56 North Third street, between Race and Commerce sts., No. 220 Market street, eight doors below Fourth, north side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of fresh and salt fish and meats, comprising all the variety of the latest packing and curing, which he will deliver to his friends and customers, at the shortest notice, and solicits a continuance of their patronage, and informs them that he has just received a fresh supply of Spanish Mackerel, Pickled Salmon, which he will warrant to be of superior quality, and equally as good as the Spanish Mackerel in every respect. Those who wish to purchase for the approaching cold weather, would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand, a few barrels of Prime Mess Pork, and a few barrels of Prime Mess Beef, which he will sell low for cash.

Country merchants supplied on the most reasonable terms. oct 14—3m

Lucas Gillingham

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from No. 5 South Second st. to No. 2 South Fourth St. No. 30 corner of Dock st. where he has on hand a general assortment of Umbrellas and Parasols, which he will sell wholesale and Retail as the most reasonable terms.

Warranted to be of superior materials and workmanship.

sep 2—6mos*

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the late Benjamin Rex, S. E. corner of Sixth and Laurel streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every article warranted to give satisfaction. The second story of the establishment, and the public generally, is invited to call and examine the assortment.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 258 Market street, will be continued. apr 17—3t

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his Fish and Provision Store to the stall formerly occupied by Mr. Hall, No. 56 North Third street, between Race and Commerce sts., No. 220 Market street, eight doors below Fourth, north side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of fresh and salt fish and meats, comprising all the variety of the latest packing and curing, which he will deliver to his friends and customers, at the shortest notice, and solicits a continuance of their patronage, and informs them that he has just received a fresh supply of Spanish Mackerel, Pickled Salmon, which he will warrant to be of superior quality, and equally as good as the Spanish Mackerel in every respect. Those who wish to purchase for the approaching cold weather, would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand, a few barrels of Prime Mess Pork, and a few barrels of Prime Mess Beef, which he will sell low for cash.

Country merchants supplied on the most reasonable terms. oct 14—3m

Dr. Chauncey's

VEGETAB